

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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From The Transcript.

THREE SONNETS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TURNER.

[In earlier years Mr. Turner was known to the public as Mr. Charles Tennyson, brother of the more famous Alfred, and one of a whole family of singers.]

'Tis good our earliest sympathies to trace !
And I would muse upon a little thing.
What brought the blush into that infant's face
When first confronted with the rueful king ?
He boldly came — what made his courage less ?
A signal for the heart to beat less free
Are all imperial presences, and he
Was awed by Death's consummate kingliness.
A strange bewildered look of shame he wore :
'Twas the first mortal hint that crossed the lad ;
He feared the stranger, though he knew no more,
Surmising and surprised, but, most, afraid ;
As Crusoe, wandering on the desert shore,
Saw but an alien footmark, and was sad !

A hint of rain — a touch of lazy doubt —
Sent me to bedward on that prime of nights.
When the air met and burst the ærolites,
Making the men stare and the children shout.
Why did no beam from all that rout and rush
Of daring meteors pierce my drowsed head ?
Strike on the portals of my sleep ? and flush
My spirit through mine eyelids, in the stead
Of that poor vapid dream ? My soul was pained,
My very soul, to have slept while others woke,
While little children their delight outspoke,
And in their eyes small chambers entertained
Far motions of the Kosmos ! I mistook
The purport of that night — it had not rained.

Once on a time, when, tempted to repine,
In yon green nook I nursed a sullen theme,
A fly lit near me, lovelier than a dream,
With burnished plates of sight, and pennons fine ;
His wondrous beauty struck and fixt my view,
As, ere he mingled with the shades of eve,
With silent feet he trod the honeydew,
In that lone spot, where I had come to grieve.
And still, when'er the hour of sorrow brings,
Once more, the humors and the doubts of grief,
In my mind's eye, from that moist forest-leaf
Once more I see the glorious insect rise !
My faith is lifted on two gauzy wings,
And served with light by two metallic eyes.

AN ENIGMA.

If it be true, as some folks say,
"Honor depends on pedigree,"
Then all stand by — and clear the way
Ye sons of heroes famed of yore,
And you the sons of old Glendower —
And let me have fair play.
And ye, who boast from ages dark
A pedigree from Noah's ark,
Painted on parchment nice —
I'm older still, for I was there,
As first of all I did appear
With Eve in Paradise.

As I was Adam, Adam I,
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,
In spite of wind or weather —
But mark me — Adam was not I,
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless they were together.

Suppose then Eve and Adam talking,
With all my heart — but were they walking ?
There ends all simile —
For though I've tongue and often talk,
And legs too, yet when'er I walk
That puts an end to me.

Not such an end but that I've breath,
Therefore to such a kind of death
I make but small objection —
For soon again I come to view,
And though a Christian, yet 'tis true
I die by Resurrection.

Old Magazine.

OLD LETTERS.

A box of sweetest music is that case,
Filled with the song of those who sing no more,
Save in the records of this sacred store,
By their dear hand marks. Ah, what cherished
grace,

With pale-voiced echo floats across the space
Of Time's encroaching sea, as slowly o'er
I turn the speaking paper, and restore
Love's fragments to their old familiar place !

Yet seldom have I needed to unfold
Those outer leaves which keep the thoughts
apart,

For mostly hath a glance my memory told
Of all within ; so like the electric smart,
Let but the hand the fading scripture hold,
And all its spirit rushes on the heart.

LOVE.

BY R. SOUTHEY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell :
Earthy, these passions are of earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.
O, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The days of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. VII. — THE REFORMER.

It is difficult, either from the bare facts of history or from disjointed scenes in it, to arrive at any clear idea of the general state of feeling and thought at any special period. It is only, indeed, within recent days, that modern history has troubled itself with any endeavour to realise the spiritual fashion and wont of the age it painted. So many things happened — so many battles were fought — so many kings reigned, — its audience asked no more. The reigns of the first Georges were occupied with a struggle to establish their dynasty; to set the constitutional government of the country on sure foundations; to settle a great many questions on the Continent, with which England had not very much to do. Such is the record; and a very bare record it is, notwithstanding the depths of individual interest that are contained underneath. But, fortunately, the public mind has now taken to a certain curiosity about how things came about; and there are few subjects which could more call for such a preliminary inquiry than the one on which we are about to enter. Such a figure as John Wesley does not arise in a country without urgent need, or without circumstances that account for most of the angles in it. To consider the apparition by itself, without considering these, is to lose half its significance, as well as to judge unjustly, in all probability, of the chief personage of the narrative — a man not rising vaguely out of society, without any call or necessity, but tragically demanded by a world ready to perish, and born out of the very hopelessness of its need.

The sketches which have preceded this, though attempting no analysis or even description of the period, must have failed altogether of their end if they have not indicated an age singularly devoid not only of religion, but of all spirituality of mind, or reference to things unseen. The noble natural qualities of Queen Caroline, and her high devotion to the view of duty, of which her mind was most capable — the patriotism (such as it was) of Walpole the amazing

paternal love of Chesterfield — are all as independent of any religious motive or meaning as if those princely personages had been as heathen in name as they were in reality. The wonderful wifely support and countenance which Caroline steadfastly gave, in spite of all the repugnance of nature, to her faithless and often contemptible husband, gave at the same time an unseemly countenance to vice. Walpole served his country and the devil together, and laughed at the very idea of goodness. Chesterfield, in devotion to one of the most blessed of natural pieties, did not blush to encourage his son in shameless wickedness. Pope babbled loudly of the vice for which his weak frame incapacitated him, and held his hereditary faith for honour's sake, without the slightest appearance or pretence of any spiritual attachment to it. They had some pagan virtues amid their perpetual flutter of talk and dissipation: one was a good son, another a good father, a third a most loyal and tender wife; and yet, take them either together or apart, it is clear as daylight that thought of God, or even of religion, was not in them. They were not impious except by moments; but they were godless, earthly, worldly, without consciousness of anything more in heaven or earth than was dreamed of in their philosophy. It was one of the moments in which the world had fallen out of thought of God. Other ages may have been as wicked, but we doubt whether any age had learned so entirely to forget its connection with higher things, or the fact that a soul which did not die — an immortal being akin to other spheres — was within its clay. The good men were inoperative, the bad men were dauntless; the vast crowd between the two, which forms the bulk of humanity, felt no stimulus towards religion, and drowsed in comfortable content. It was the age when the chaplain married my lady's maid, and ate at the second table, and would even lend a hand to carry my lord to bed at night, after he had dropped under the table, and turn a deaf ear to the blasphemy with which his speech was adorned. It was the age when delicate young women, of the best blood and best manners in the land, talked with a coarseness which editors of the nineteenth century can represent only

by asterisks; and in which the most polished and dainty verse, Pope's most melodious, correctest couplets, were interspersed with lines which would damn forever and ever any poetaster. Personal satire, poor instrument of vengeance which stings without wounding, had such sway as it has never had before in England; but that sense of public honour which prevents open outrage upon decency was not in existence. The public liked the wicked story, and liked the scourge that came after; and laughed, not in its sleeve, but loudly, at blasphemy and indecency and profanity. Even the sentiment of cleanness, purity, and honour, was lost to the generation. Its soul was good for nothing but to point an oath. The name of God was still used in public documents as giving victories and confounding enemies and suchlike; and in private very freely, as the most round syllable to clinch the perpetual curse; but was of no more spiritual significance than the name of George or James, and not half so much external weight. Such was the age: a period of confused fighting, here for Maria Theresa, there for Charles XII., again for the fallen, ever-falling Stuarts; with no principle in the strife, and little good coming out of it to any man or kingdom, except perhaps in the end the Prussian; and, so far as England was concerned, a gradual weaning of the popular mind from any belief or hope in excellence, or power of contrasting the good with the evil. So long as the Excise-bills were held aloof, and tranquillity preserved, what did it matter whether light or darkness was uppermost? or, indeed, was not darkness the rule, and light, if not painful, at least indifferent, to the eye, — not a matter to make any fuss about? One of the most hopeless unexalted ages that ever benumbed the faculties of man.

"I have observed the clergy in all the places through which I have travelled," says Bishop Burnet in 1713, not a hard or difficult judge, — "Papists, Lutherans, Calvinists, and Dissenters; but of them all, our clergy is much the most remiss in their labours in private, and the least severe in their lives." "A due regard to religious persons, places, and things has scarce in any age been more wanting," says Atter-

bury in 1711. Twenty years later, the famous Nonconformist Calamy laments the "real decay of serious religion both in the Church and out of it." To this country and time, lying in ignorance, in that sneering and insolent profanity which is, of all others, the most hateful condition into which humanity can fall, John Wesley was born — and not a day too soon.

The Reformer, whose influence upon his generation was so extraordinary, is not one of those who concentrate the spectator's attention upon themselves, or move him to passionate sympathy, admiration, and love, blotting out, to some extent, the meaner earth. His progress through life is rather that of a moving light which throws gleams upon the darkling mass around it. His very cradle illuminates a quaint family picture, opening up to us one of the still, pious households which broke with their quaint religiousness and formal order the level of reckless living. His father was vicar of Epworth in Lincolnshire, a good man of Nonconformist lineage, but a zealous Churchman; his mother, the daughter of one of the ejected ministers. Mr. Samuel Wesley had been driven out of the Dissenting body by the fierce sectarianism of the community; his wife, with more remarkable individuality, "had examined the controversy between the Dissenters and the Church of England with conscientious diligence, and satisfied herself that the schismatics were in the wrong." Such a pair at the head of a large family in the little parsonage among the fens developed various quaint features of religious opinionativeness which have worn out of fashion in our day. The husband had gained his benefice by a little book about the Revolution, which he dedicated to Queen Mary. Years after, it struck the good man that at prayers his wife did not say amen to his petition for Dutch William; and he found, on inquiry, that to her the King of the Revolution was still Prince of Orange, an unnatural usurper. She had said nothing about her dissent from his opinions on this subject, being impressed, as Southey says, by a deep sense of "the duty and wisdom of obedience." But in this case, as in most others, it is evident that the husband did not see the beauty of that much commended but

highly unpleasant duty. He went off in a pet, as husbands when "obeyed" are too apt to do, and vowed never to see or communicate with the schismatic again till she had changed her mind. This humorous incident is not, however, turned into a moral lesson by any change of mind on the part of Mrs. Susannah. The King died, which answered the purpose just as well, and the husband came back, somewhat sheepishly one cannot but think, leaving the victory in her hands. Another controversy of a less amusing character which arose between them shows that the duty of obedience, after all, was not the first in Mrs. Wesley's mind. Her husband, evidently a self-willed and hot-headed man, though a good and true one, was in the habit of attending the sittings of Convocation, "at an expense of money which he could ill spare from the necessities of so large a family, and at a cost of time which was injurious to his parish." There was no afternoon service at the church at Epworth during his absences; and, with a curious foreshadowing of what was to come, the clergyman's wife took in hand a little domestic service on the Sunday evenings, praying and reading with her children and servants as a mother and mistress may. But by degrees a few neighbours dropped in, and Mrs. Wesley did not think it proper "that their presence should interrupt the duty of the hour." The thing grew, so that at length thirty or forty people would be present at their domestic worship. Mr. Wesley, busy with his Convocation squabbles, heard and took fright at this unusual proceeding. It does not seem to have moved him to the length of coming back and looking after his own business; but he made haste to write to her that her conduct "looked particular"—that, as the wife of a public person, it behooved her to exercise discretion—and that she ought to employ some one else to read for her. To this she answered at length, in a letter which most singularly anticipates many of the views afterwards proclaimed by her son:—

"As I am a woman," writes Mrs. Wesley, "so I am also mistress of a large family; and though the superior charge of the souls con-

tained in it lies upon you, yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me under a trust by the great Lord of all the families both of heaven and earth. . . . As these and other suchlike thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants, so, knowing our religion required a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by going to church unless we filled up the intermediate spaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion, I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading and in instructing my family. And such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God than if I had retired to my own private devotions. This was the beginning of my present practice: other people's coming in and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents: they first desired to be admitted;—then others that heard of it begged leave also. So our company increased to about thirty; and it seldom exceeded forty last winter.

"But soon after you went to London last, I light on the account of the Danish missionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with anything. I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for His glory. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister, yet I might do something more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children, in which I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare each night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday I talk with Molly, on Tuesday with Hetty, Wednesday with Henry, Thursday with Jacky, Friday with Patty, Saturday with Charles, and with Emily and Sukey together on Sunday.

"With those few neighbours that then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we have. And I spent somewhat more time with them in such exercises without being careful about the success of my undertaking. Since this our company increased every night; for I dare deny none that ask admittance. Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred; and yet many went away for want of room to stand. . . .

"I cannot conceive why any should reflect on you because your wife endeavours to draw

people to church, and to restrain them from profaning the Lord's day by reading to them, and other persuasions. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world; and I heartily wish I had never given them more occasion to speak against me. As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls.

"As for your proposal of letting some other person read, alas! you don't consider what a people these are. I don't think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it. Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied—that is, their being present at family prayers. I don't speak of any concern I am under barely because so many are present. For those who have the honour of speaking to the great and holy God need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world; but because of my sex I doubt if it is proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay I durst not deny them."

This letter throws a strange light upon the rude little village community, of which there was scarcely one who could read without spelling, and on the first throb of spiritual and intellectual life which thrilled, through means of an "awakening" sermon, into the dull and nameless mass. The brave, pious, warm-hearted woman, with her troop of little children about her knees—her husband wandering about, evidently for considerable periods, or such a story would be incomprehensible—her mind strong enough to pass conventional boundaries, but not too strong for religious scruples about her sex—makes a very quaint and at the same time a very attractive picture. Jacky, whom his mother took apart on Thursday, was John Wesley, the prophet of his age; and there is little to wonder at in his future life when we trace it to such a beginning. Mrs. Wesley, however, had not come to an end of the matter by this letter. The curate, enraged by such an invasion of his province, wrote complaining that a conventicle was held in the parsonage; and the absent husband replied, again in alarm, forbidding the meetings. Then Mrs. Wesley availed herself of that weapon which law and virtue had put into her hand—she offered to *obey*. "Do not tell me that you *desire* me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience," she says, "but send me your *positive command*." "Wesley made no further objections," says South-

ey, who does not see any humour in it. He was "perhaps ashamed," the poet thinks. It is curious enough, considering how much we make in theory of the notion of conjugal obedience, that there is no such prompt mode of driving a husband wild as a meek proposal on his wife's part to obey him. When it comes to that fatal point the well-conditioned male creature has nothing left but to give in. So little has the prettiest theory to do with the actual necessities of life.

We are tempted to quote from another letter of this remarkable woman, concerning the mode in which Jacky and the rest were brought up. After the most detailed laws (evidently unalterable as Holy Writ) of their management from the cradle upwards in respect to external habits, she goes on to the discipline of the mind:—

"In order" (says Mrs. Wesley) "to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better. When the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov'd; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement, more or less, as the nature and circumstances of the case require. . . . They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted; . . . nor were they ever permitted to *call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister*. None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this. The day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two to five, which you know were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters, and each of them did in that time learn all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the hornbook I have changed my opinion. . . . There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here, because I think them useful. 1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often leads children into lying, till

they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed upon, and therefore was often imposed upon.

3. That no child should ever be chid or beaten twice for the same fault, and that if they amended they should never be upbraided with it afterwards. 4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended and frequently rewarded according to the merits of the case. 5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted. 6. That property be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing or a pin.

7. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children, and from the want of parents or governesses doing it as they ought proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world. 8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well.

This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

The reader will feel that he is gazing into an almost Dutch interior as he reads this code of domestic law. The solemnity of it, the minuteness, the sense of importance as of a great ruler, the softly disapproving regretful memory of Kezzy's mangled education in which the lawgiver was overruled; and of the more momentous regulation which "one of the family" could not be made to observe, strikes with a tender humour into the tale. Clear enough, "he" who "could not be prevailed upon" to carry out this perfect system was something of a thorn in Mrs. Wesley's flesh. She had to bear with him by times, as well as to respect and honour him. Strange things happened at Epworth to derange, had that been possible, the minute method of the family.

Wicked parishioners whom Mr. Wesley admonished of their sins, behaved themselves with a violence characteristic of the age. Twice they tried to set his house on fire, and at last, on a third attempt, did so, burning out the too zealous parson, and all but sacrificing Jacky, then six years old, in the flames. But these external troubles were not all. Some tricky spirit got possession of the house, uttering dismal groans,

rumbling up and down stairs, sometimes with the step of a man, sometimes with heavier inarticulate sounds. Knocks were heard about the beds, and in various parts of the house, which nobody, alas! was then skilled to interpret. There were sounds of dancing in empty rooms, of bottles breaking, and a hundred other diabolical-ridiculous noises. The family at first were full of alarm, thinking the sounds were warnings of some approaching calamity, the parents characteristically apprehending danger to their eldest son. "If thou art the spirit of my son Sammy," said the perturbed father, "I pray, knock three knocks and no more;" but to the great relief of the household no answer was made to this appeal. In time, however, the devil ceased to alarm the cheerful house. The young people became used to him, and adventured little jokes on his character and propensities. The sisters gave each a different account to the absent Sammy as soon as he was ascertained to be safe and sound. Emily is indignant that her father should have imagined it "to be some of us young women that sat up late and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced," adds the candid girl. "I believe it to be witchcraft," she says, a little after. "About a year since there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? . . . I do so really believe it to be one (i.e., a witch), that I would venture to fire a pistol at it." Sister Sukey, for her part, gets tired of the noisy visitor, whom the girls had nicknamed Jeffrey, their very fright evidently being unable to conquer fun. "Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing, except Jeffrey," writes Susannah, although she has just described a new incident, how, "to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced on the table a pretty while without anybody stirring the table, when lo! an adventurous wretch took it up and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after." The whole story is recorded with a mingled seriousness and humour and perfect belief, which is very quaint and amusing. Mr. Wesley loses his temper and calls the devil names, threatening it with a pistol on one occasion. Samuel at a distance gravely writes to ask, "Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?" although even he yields to a sense of humour when he is told that the fiend objects to the prayers for the King. "Were I the King

myself, I should rather Old Nick was my enemy than my friend," he says. Southey, who gives full details of these marvellous occurrences without the least attempt (which indeed would have been folly) to assail the veracity of the united family, has no words strong enough at an after period to condemn Wesley's belief in the extraordinary effects which were produced by his preaching — the bodily agonies, cries, and convulsions, which, however little we may understand them, are phenomena too well established to be set aside as mere delusion. It does not seem to occur to him that the boy who had been familiar with "Jeffrey," and whose relations, all in full possession of a degree of intelligence and cultivation remarkable in their sphere, fully believed these pranks to be played by witches or spirits, was of all others least likely to forestall his age, and reject the idea of supernatural interference in the most important affairs of men.

It was from this kindly, cheerful, methodical, pious house, full of quaint formality and fixed rule, but yet not without the pleasant freedom of a large family, that the Reformer came. His life, as has been mentioned, was saved almost miraculously when the house was burned. He was educated at Charter-House under the distant inspection, it would appear, of his brother Samuel, then usher at Westminster, with whom was Charles, the youngest son of the house. "Jack is with me, and a brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can," says the elder brother at some moment of holiday. The big Carthusian boys stole their meat from the little ones in that age, and Jack, for a great part of his school-life, lived on bread only, training himself, perhaps, by such means to some of the asceticisms of his after life. In the year 1720, when he was seventeen, he went to Christ Church, Oxford. Nothing can be more graceful or pleasant than the slight sketch which Southey gives of his early life at the university. There is a grace of natural piety in the young man's thoughtfulness, in his hesitations on the verge of life, in his constant recourse to father and mother for guidance, which is more pleasant to dwell upon than the passion of religious earnestness which soon swallowed up his life. When the time came at which it was necessary to decide upon his future career, he paused with natural reverence before the thought of taking orders, feeling the gravity of the decision. His father, with singular good sense, understood and appreciated his difficulties, and encouraged him to wait and work before taking any decisive step. His mother, on

the other hand, with the practical sense which belongs to such women, thought the stimulus of a decided vocation would be of use to her boy. "Resolve to make religion the business of your life," she writes. "I heartily wish you would now enter upon a strict examination of yourself, that you may know whether you have a reasonable hope of salvation by Jesus Christ. If you have the satisfaction of knowing, it will abundantly reward your pains; if you have not you will find a more reasonable occasion for tears than can be met with in any tragedy." Nor was it only on such important matters that he turned homeward for advice. There is indeed in his life, as in that of most emphatically religious men, a certain want of perspective, or, if we may use the word, an absence of the ordinary variety of level which marks the more or less momentous incidents of life. His difficulties about Thomas A'Kempis seem to bulk as large in his mind as those about his ordination; and on the smaller difficulty as well as the greater he receives home counsel, once more varied according to the characteristic peculiarities of father and mother. He could not agree with A'Kempis, the young man lamented; he could not feel that mirth and pleasure were useless or sinful, as does the author of the 'Imitatione.' Mrs. Wesley agrees with him in her reply, summing up her argument with a maxim which is both pious and wise. "Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she says, "take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things — in short, whatever increases the strength or authority of the body over the mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." The father, on the other hand, now growing old, takes a less cheerful view; he reminds his boy that "mortification is an indispensable Christian duty," and that a young man must be made to remember "that for all these things God will bring him into judgment." The book had been his own "great and old companion," and it was full of "heroic strains of humility, piety, and devotion." But he concludes by referring Jack to his mother, who "had leisure to bount the matter to the bran."

Such leisure was now wanting to her husband. "Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little way behind him," he says. "My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." His advice in this last stage of his life is full of a softened tenderness. "If you love yourself or me, pray heartily," he

says; and at a later period, when his son gained his fellowship, the old man's voice sounds pathetic in its exultation: "What will be my own fate before the summer be over, God knows; *sed passi graviora*—wherever I am my Jack is fellow of Lincoln." The two thus standing at either side of the new life, watching with equal tenderness, throwing in words of experience and love, and often of practical wisdom, to keep that young existence in the straight way, give by far the most beautiful human aspect which it ever wears to Wesley's history. Their influence is so equal, yet so characteristically different in expression, so sensible, so full of that minute and detailed consideration of his feelings and thoughts which perhaps only the love of father and mother can give, that the heart of the spectator is moved, as it has but too little occasion to be in the after record. The father comforts his son about the Athanasian creed by a fine distinction which savours of the schools—the favourite distinction of the Church of Rome—between "wilful" and "involuntary" heresy; while the mother softly discourages too deep a consideration of those articles of the Church which support the doctrine of predestination, assuring him that "such studies tend more to confound than to inform the understanding." When the young man's religious convictions impel him to a severer life than usual, his father tells him it is callow virtue that cannot bear to be laughed at; while the mother, half indignant at even so mild a stigma on her son's fortune, adds, "If it be a weak virtue that cannot bear being laughed at, I am sure it is a strong and well-confirmed virtue that can stand the test of a brisk buffoonery;" and counsels her boy, whom she at least cannot bear to have ridiculed, "to shun the company of profane wits." Such is the mingled influence which colours the current of the young man's life. Happy the youth who has such counsellors, and understands his good fortune in having them! The only thing that casts a shadow on the picture is the extraordinary fact that Wesley, their son, lived to believe that this wise, tender, and most Christian pair were unenlightened, *unconverted* sinners at the very time when they were thus guiding his feet into every good and perfect way.

It was Jeremy Taylor, the most human and kindly of ascetics, who finally moved the wavering youthful soul into that entire self-consecration which decided his life. The 'Holy Living and Dying' worked upon him like a revelation. "Instantly I resolved to dedicate *all* my life to God," Wesley himself says, "being thoroughly con-

vinced there was no medium; but that every part of my life (not *some* only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself—that is, in effect, to the devil." This decision immediately made itself visible in his outward habits. Before his ordination in 1725, he had formed for himself a system of life in which many features of extreme High-Churchmanship are woven in with much of that minute self-inquiry and study of words and feelings which we have since learned to identify chiefly with the other extreme of religious opinion in England. He communicated every week; he withdrew from all society which was not distinctly religious, and plunged into all those anxious attempts at perfection which so often turn the eye inward instead of upward, and lose life itself, and such gleams of heaven as are possible on earth, for the hope of a fuller entry into blessedness hereafter. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for a young man to take this step without acquiring more or less that appearance of conscious spiritual superiority which it is so hard to get rid of and so fatal to possess. "When it pleased God to give me a settled resolution to be, not a nominal but a real Christian (being then about twenty-two years of age)," he says, "my acquaintance were as ignorant of God as myself. But there was this difference: I knew my ignorance; they did not know theirs." His first step in active life was that of serving the little curacy of Wroote, which his father held in conjunction with Epworth, but which his age and weakness prevented him from himself attending to. Here he seems to have spent a year or two in profitable obscurity, receiving priest's orders, and completing his preparation for the stormy existence on the verge of which he stood. No doubt, while thus brought face to face with rural godlessness, and making practical acquaintance with the deep-rooted profanity of the time, Wesley found how incapable was the comfortable piety in which he had been brought up of rousing and re-creating the immense dull and hopeless mass of unbelief and wickedness. There seems little record of this time of retirement; but it could not be other than a turning-point in his life. That longing for seclusion which belongs to the phase of religious development he had now reached, had come upon him. Had he been a Roman Catholic, no doubt he would have betaken himself to some hermit's cave to consider all the momentous questions with which his brain was teeming. Before going to Wroote, indeed, he had entertained hopes of being appointed to a school in one of the Yorkshire dales, which was described to

him as a retreat from the world, with "little company to be expected from without, and none within." The idea of retirement pleased his fancy so much that he breaks into verse when writing of it, and anticipates his own satisfaction in giving voice to the inarticulate harmonies of nature.

"These praise their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man,"

he says, with a certain youthful *élan* towards the novel existence; but has to content himself instead with the muddy ways and heavy souls of Wroote, and to fight his battle as he can, in the fervours and disgusts of youth, among the Lincolnshire boors, with whom he had been familiar all his life. On one occasion, it is recorded, he "travelled many miles" to see a "serious" person in the barren and careless countryside. "Sir," said this man to the young priest, "you wish to serve God and go to heaven. Remember you cannot serve him alone; you must therefore *find* companions or *make* them: the Bible knows nothing of solitary religion." These were pregnant words, and must have thrown a new light upon the world which had begun to struggle out of chaos in the young man's perceptions. There is no more talk of retirement or seclusion in his maturing life.

But it is curious enough to find that the first step towards making these companions, to whose society Wesley had thus been directed, was taken by his younger brother Charles, then an undergraduate at Christ Church, who had himself been awakened into deep religious earnestness, and had obeyed the promptings of his warmer social nature by drawing together a few fellow-students in the same circumstances as himself. These young men, moved by the first thrill of that tide of feeling which was soon to sweep all over England, had the courage to separate themselves from the mass of young bucks and bloods, the roystering "men" of their day, and to form themselves into an almost monastic brotherhood, to the amazement of the University. Times have changed wonderfully since then: we are not unaccustomed now to the severe youthful virtue of the tender Ritualist, or to that curious pagan pietism which distinguishes the sect of young philosophers; but even at the present time such a brotherhood could scarcely originate without some ridicule from the surrounding crowd. It was the object of ceaseless darts of wit and a storm of merrymaking in that irreligious age. "They were called in derision the Sacramentarians, Bible-bigots, Bible-moths, the Holy or the Godly Club." One of their

critics, less virulent than the rest, applied to them an old name fallen into disuse, which, indeed, is far from describing the character of unregulated enthusiasm and emotional excess which was then and after attributed to the young Pietists. This name was that of Methodists—a title lightly given, with little perception of the importance it was to assume. To take it according to its etymology, it might as well have been applied to the followers of Benedict or Francis as to those of John Wesley; and, in fact, this movement, of which no one foresaw the importance, was at its beginning much more like the foundation of a monastic order than anything else. Had Wesley (we repeat) been a Roman Catholic, from his hermitage he would have come forth like Benedict to the formation of a great community. His country, his race and birth were, however, too many for him. There are few notable lives in which one can trace so clearly the modifying influence of circumstances. A body more opposed to Rome could scarcely be than the religious society which acknowledges Wesley as its founder, and yet no society could be more evidently established on the very principles of Rome. When the young Reformer returned to Oxford to his university duties in 1728, he was received at once as the spiritual director of the little brotherhood, an office hitherto unknown among Protestants. Under his guidance the brethren fasted and prayed and devoted themselves to alms and charity; "they regularly visited the prisoners and the sick; communicated once a-week; and fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, the stationary days of the ancient Church, which were thus set apart because on these days our Saviour had been betrayed and crucified. They also drew up a scheme of self-examination, to assist themselves, by means of prayer and meditation, in attaining simplicity and the love of God. Their principle was to "live by rule, and to pick up the very fragments of time, that not a moment might be lost." The Scheme of Self-Examination, which unfortunately we have not room to quote, was divided into two tables, like the Decalogue itself—a searching self-inquisition into every passing thought and movement of both mind and body. Its rules are almost identical with those of the mystic codes of monastic piety, as indeed they are with the expression of all intense religious feeling, when driven, if we may say so, to a desperate stand against the world. It is impossible to doubt that the mind must be injured, and its grace and spontaneity destroyed, by such perpetual and minute self-inspection; but it must al-

ways be remembered that such rules originate in times of desperation, when the standard which has to be set up before the enemy must be painted in the boldest colours, and when human nature cannot refuse itself a certain exaggeration. Moderation and good sense are well in their way, and so is the natural involuntary grace of those sweet souls who sometimes seem from their cradles to share the tenderness and indulgence as well as the purity of their Divine Master. But such are not the fiery captains, the forlorn hope, of Christianity; and at this moment John Wesley's little band of young, extravagant, ascetic knights-errant was England's forlorn hope.

Not without certain picturesque circumstances, such as attend intense bravery and resolution at all times, did the brotherhood pursue its course. On the Sundays an eager-eyed boy, homeliest of poor students, a servitor of Pembroke, by name George Whitfield, hereafter to be one of their leaders, watched them wistfully as they made their way through the jeers of the crowd to St. Mary's, to receive the communion; longing, poor lad, to follow, and not disinclined at the same moment to bestow a stray buffet on the foul mouths that laughed at the young saints. They were hailed by many an anxious prisoner as the only Christian faces that ever looked in pitifully upon the reeking squalor of an eighteenth-century gaol. The sick and the poor watched for them as they passed. They taught themselves in a nerveless age the disused art of walking to save money for their pensioners; and went without powder, with long locks hanging on their young shoulders, with a delightful boyish folly, to have a few pence the more for the same blessed purpose. The father-confessor was but twenty-five, and still turned his face towards his home for continual counsel in his spiritual difficulties. It is with a smile and a tear that the spectator looks upon the lads in their excess of zeal. Why should it be less beautiful than other youthful enthusiasms because it was for the cause of all others most important? At such a white heat of devotion, no man, perhaps not even a monk, could remain and live. But while it lasts the young dream is sublime. To "recover the image of God" — that was their object, and to communicate the desire for this recovery and the means of attaining it to all the world. If there was something to pardon, certain it is that we forgive many extravagances for objects much less divine.

The first intention of these young ascetics was to pursue their legitimate studies steadily, while adding to them this strange new

practice of piety; but in the heat of their self-communings new questions arose. They began to doubt whether carnal learning was a lawful pursuit, or whether they were justified in thus employing time on which there were more urgent calls. With a new anxiety in his mind, Wesley writes to his mother on this subject. He proposes the question to all who can understand it. He says —

"And why not to you rather than any? Shall I quite break off my pursuit of all learning but what immediately tends to practice? I once desired to make a fair show in languages and philosophy, but it is past. There is a more excellent way; and if I cannot attain to any progress in the one, without throwing up all thoughts of the other, why, fare it well! . . . I am to renounce the world, to draw off my affections from the world, and fix them on a better; but how? What is the surest and the shortest way?

. . . In many things you have interceded for me and prevailed; who knows but in this too you may be successful? If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not but it would be as useful now for correcting my heart as it was then for forming my judgment."

The answer to this appeal does not seem to have been preserved; but as the fervour of mysticism grew, the old father, though full of pride and joy in the devotion of his son, interposes a warning note in the midst of his satisfaction. "Be not highminded," he says; "preserve an equal temper of mind under whatever treatment you meet with from a not very just or well-natured world. Bear no more sail than is necessary, but steer steady." Nothing could be more needful than this advice; but it was given at a time when the mind of the young man was inaccessible to any counsel but that which chimed in with his own desires. For a time he goes on in his perilous career, not with less but more sail, concentrating himself within the narrow limits he had chalked out. One of his little band before long, worn by voluntary privation, sickened unto death, and Wesley himself seemed in a fair way to follow. Constant fasting, not even diversified by generous fare on a festival; constant work, perpetual self-communion, scruples about this duty or that, watching, exhortation, the constant intense strain of body and mind — brought his vitality down to the lowest level. His mind, absorbed with the awful but narrow anxiety to secure personal salvation at any cost, his body worn and strained to its utmost, his soul full of perpetual feverish excitement, it soon became apparent to his friends that a crisis was approaching. The movement in its

first shape had gone as far as mortal powers would permit. His little brotherhood began to fail him, having come to the limit of their strength. One became afraid of the ever-growing singularity (a poor-spirited disciple this) of the position; one had been seduced into philosophy, and lost his reverence for the authority over him; "one had been converted from fasting by fever and a physician." Instead of seven-and-twenty devout and hollow-eyed brethren, the young ascetic found but five on his return after a short absence. The bitterness of this mortification but intensified his personal zeal. He clung with desperation to the post he held after it had ceased to be tenable. "For friends, they were either trifling or serious; if triflers, fare them well, a noble escape; if serious, those who are more serious are left," he says, evidently with the pang of disappointment in his heart. The brotherhood had broken down, but its head held the faster to his lost standing-ground. The mortification of a forsaken leader is in the tenacity with which he rejects all overtures to wholesome work elsewhere. His father, from his deathbed, pleads with him to take the living of Epworth, and carry out the work to which he himself had devoted forty years of his life. He asks pathetically whether his son can look on with indifference, and see his long labour lost, the fences of God's vineyard broken down, and "a mighty Nimrod," a certain Mr. M., brought in to complete the havoc; whether he can despise "the dear love and longing" of the people, the comfort of his mother, a hundred tender reasons. He might as well have prayed a beaten and embittered general to take the peaceful plough in hand, instead of trying another wild campaign to redeem his fortune. With a certain acerbity, from the seclusion of his college, Wesley replies to these affectionate entreaties. With curious spiritual egotism, which is evidently a cover for wounded feeling, he declares that his own salvation would be impossible at Epworth; that he could not stand his ground there for a month against intemperance in sleeping, eating, and drinking; and adds, with growing heat, that the company of ordinary good men would be fatal to him. "They undermine insensibly all my resolutions, and quite steal from me the little fervour I have. I never come from among those saints of the world (as John Valdeso calls them) faint, dissipated, and shorn of all my strength, but I say, God deliver me from a half Christian!" he cries, with a shrill of sharp and bitter feeling in his voice. The self-pity and self-assertion of a wounded spirit are alike strong in these words. He

will listen to no reasons, however cogent—he will save himself, though no man cares to be saved with him—he will hug contempt to his bosom, since he is born to be contemned—he will cling to Oxford though Oxford does not want him. As for the love of the people at Epworth, he cries, with the same perverse ingenuity of a mind set on edge, "How long will it last? Only till I come and tell them plainly that their deeds are evil, and, to make a particular application of that general sentence, to say to each, *Thou art the man.*" Thus he resists with a kind of desperation the attempt to draw him into sober work, and the responsibilities of a social position. Whether any touch of mere human selfishness lay below—whether he was reluctant to take upon himself the care of his mother and sisters, which was one of the inducements urged upon him to accept the cure of Epworth—the story says nothing. The tone of injury which runs through his self-defence might have been natural enough in the case of a young man asked to sacrifice his own affections in order to keep up the family home. But there is no whisper of disappointed love in the record. He fights against the fate he disliked with an acrid energy, probably drawn only from the disturbed state of his own mind, from the darkening of the sky over him, the desertion of his disciples, the sickening doubt in his own spirit as to what this course of mysticism could come to; and so fiercely throws away the calm domestic life, the moderate rural work, the comfort and quiet thus pressed upon him—giving bitter selfish reasons, half-consciously sophistical, not knowing what he is doing, following out unawares the thread of a destiny unforeseen.

Why Wesley should, not more than a year after this decision, have accepted the office of missionary to Georgia, it is very difficult to perceive. He resisted, we are told; but his resistance must have been feeble in comparison with the stand he made against his father. Perhaps the death of the old man, which had taken place in the mean time, had tuned him to a softer key; perhaps his wound had healed with time, and his self-will become less obstinate; or perhaps the romance of a mission to savages moved the excited soul, which felt itself unable to contend with the ordinary matters of life. It is comprehensible that such a man, absorbed in the ebbs and tides of his own spiritual feeling, should have had no eye for the supreme difficulty of a missionary's work, or his own utter want of adaptation to such a mission. He thought he "would have the advantage of preaching to a people not yet beguiled by philosophy and vain deceit."

"Our end," he says, "in leaving our native country was not to avoid want (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings), nor to gain the dung and dross of riches and honour, but simply this — to save our souls; to live wholly to the glory of God." Thus curiously does the apostle go forth, putting the selfish motive first, by an amazing inadvertence of words, in which most modern apostles, but neither Peter nor Paul, join him. To save his soul! — not out of love to God or love to man — a strange example of the way in which good people insist on putting forward the meaner motive — not in their hearts, whatever they may say, but in their words.

This mission lasted a little more than two years, and it cannot be called in the smallest degree a successful one. So far as preaching to the Indians was concerned, Wesley never attempted it, for he did not even begin to learn their language. He became chaplain to the colonists, a very different office, and made his appearance among them in some such fashion as a flaming Ritualist of the present day might make his entry into an Evangelical parish. His austerities and High-Churchmanship seem to have done more to puzzle the not very fastidious society of the new colony than his devotion did to enlighten them. He insisted on immersing the baby Georgians who were brought to him for baptism. He refused to bury the dead who had not been baptised in the Church of England, and shut out from the communion-table the devoutest Christian who could not stand this test. With that curious want of discrimination which distinguished him, he mixed up paltry matters of detail with great Christian principles, preaching sermons one day against depravity and drunkenness, the next against the pretty dresses with which the colonial ladies came to church on Sunday. At first the novelty of such plain-speaking seems to have impressed his hearers. In the latter particular, for example, after he had "expounded the Scriptures which relate to dress, and pressed them freely on my audience in a plain and close application," the effect was such that "all the time that I afterwards ministered at Savannah I saw neither gold in the church nor costly apparel, but the congregation in general was almost constantly clothed in plain clean linen or woollen." At another time he had public prayers at church while a dance was going on, and emptied the ball-room. Such duels between the Church and the world, though sometimes momentarily successful, are neither discreet nor dignified, and Wesley went from step to step until

he had alienated and disgusted the greater part of his flock. He preached *at* his parishioners, or so at least they thought, "making his sermons so many satires upon particular persons." He interfered in family quarrels and the broils of social life. He induced the Governor to make paltry and harassing laws touching Sabbath observance, and then vexed his soul with complaints against transgressors of them. Such are the sins alleged against him, and they are not at all out of keeping with his character on the one hand, and quite sufficient to account for his loss of reputation in the colony on the other. His brother Charles, who had accompanied him, had even a worse fate. Running a-tilt against everybody's prejudices, making mountains out of mole-hills, and with no toleration for the inevitable shortcomings of a newly-formed society, the two brothers armed everybody's hand against them. It was their first encounter with the practical difficulties of life, and a more entire failure could not be conceived. They had come from their classic seclusion full of the conscious importance and solemnity of apostles, just heightened by that ineffable greatness which hedges in a college Don. And the colonists, blind wretches, did not see it, but treated the young priests like any other clergymen, growing impatient under their censures and angry with their interference. It must have been at once a surprise and a disappointment to the young Reformer. Instead of planting the faith among the Indians, and stirring the colonists into an austere life of prayer and fasting, he left the American shores, all but driven out, without a single reclaimed savage to witness his work, or grateful Georgian to cherish his name. It would be strange if a man of any candour of mind had kept faith in his own system after such a downfall.

His work in the colony, however, though unfruitful to his flock, was not unfruitful to Wesley himself. It was there he came in contact with the Moravian brotherhood, a community regulated by the rules of semi-monastic devotion which were so dear to his heart; but of a serenity and calm of faith, and consequent sweetness of spiritual temper, such as he had never been able to attain. All these years, while practising with an anxious heart the utmost rigours of self-discipline, he had been continually disturbed by doubts, which grew more dreadful when any danger threatened him, and paralysed his spirit in many an emergency without teaching him to be merciful to others in similar weakness. In his agitated state of mind the very sight of the

Moravians was at once a comfort and a reproach to him—he could not understand their calm, their love of God in which no terror mingled—their genuine humbleness and meekness; while they in their turn looked with a mild surprise upon the excited feverish Englishman who subjected himself to such religious discipline, and had so little real peace. One of them, to whom he appealed for advice, asked him such plain and simple questions as made the ascetic, who hitherto had taught everybody round him, falter and tremble. “Do you know Jesus Christ? do you know He has saved you? do you know yourself?” asked the German; and Wesley answered with a hesitation he could not explain, feeling his heart rise within him in wild self-inquiry and discontent. His mind recurred to them when he was thrown again upon the world, and had once more to set in order and reconsider his life on leaving America—and it was their hands which gave the final form and perfection both to his character and his work.

This period of his life must not, however, be passed over without a passing reference to the curious little romance, the only one in his life, which here weaves itself into the unexpanding story. Among the ladies of the colony was a certain Miss Sophy, who, either moved by genuine liking for the preacher, or by a coquette’s desire to vanquish all, or, as Wesley’s historians say, by a deep-laid scheme to tempt him out of his austerities, gave herself a great deal of trouble to reach the heart of the austere young saint. It is an office which some woman generally undertakes either for good or evil in the life of most confessors. She became his penitent, with religious difficulties to solve; and his pupil, with a pretty thirst for knowledge. She “dressed always in white, and with the utmost simplicity, to please his taste”—she nursed him through a fever. The young man fell a victim to these wiles. It seems very doubtful whether she had any intention in the whole matter but that of amusing herself, as wicked young women will. When they had a quarrel she threatened to return to England, and brought the poor priest to his knees, half to heaven to move her to remain, half to her to stay. His heart was torn with love and doubts and much tribulation. On one occasion he records that “I advised Miss Sophy to sup earlier, and not immediately before she went to bed. She did so; and on this little circumstance,” adds the lover, with quaint unconscious comicality, “what an inconceivable train of consequences depend.” But though thus observant of his

wishes in respect to supper, Miss Sophy was not fully satisfactory to himself, and much less to his friends. At last, with a strange exhibition of the utter want at once of passion and of delicacy in his nature, Wesley determined to submit the question, whether or not he should propose to marry her, *to the Moravian Church*? The elders sat upon it in solemn conclave, and advised him to proceed no further in the business. “The will of the Lord be done,” said the pious suitor. And yet it cost him a pang. On “March 4,” the day of this meeting, he says in his journal, “God commanded me to pull out my right eye, and by His grace I determined to do so; but being slack in the execution, March 12, God being very merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not.” This latter ambiguous sentence means that Miss Sophy on that day put him out of pain by marrying another—a tolerably clear indication that her sport with the poor clerical mouse had been but a cruel play. It is evident that he felt this bitterly, being perhaps wounded in his self-love as well as in his affections to find that while he was debating the possibility of giving her up as a religious duty, she was preparing for another union. “It was the day which completed the year from my first speaking to her,” says Wesley, adding piteously, “What thou doest, O God, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter!” “The word of the Lord was come to me likewise,” he adds with evident reality of feeling, “saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. The difficulty of obeying such a direction appeared to me now more than ever before,” says the wounded and mournful lover. It is the only moment in which his heart shows itself, and the very simplicity of the plaint makes it more touching. The story has the strangest conclusion that ever wound up a tale of unrequited love. He could not be done with his false love though she had forsaken him. After a while we find him reproving her according to his ancient custom; but Mrs. Williamson did not accept the reproof as the maiden Sophy had done, and the consequence was that he took the rash and unaccountable step of refusing her admittance to the communion-table. This was the immediate cause of his half-flight, half-expulsion from Georgia. The story is characteristic throughout, and not more so in its beginning than in its close.

The voyage home was a very trying and troubled time for Wesley—perhaps there

was still the thorn ranking in this wound, though he speaks of it no more; but there was, at least, the deep discomfiture of unsuccess, and a profound discontent with himself and his religious state. His mind was tossed upon a wild sea of doubt and uncertainty, while his outer man sustained all the stormy vicissitudes of the Atlantic. He utters his soul on his landing with pathetic sincerity:—

“It is now,” he says, “two years and four months since I left my native country to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity. But what have I learnt myself meantime? Why, what I the least of all suspected, that I who went to America to convert others was never myself converted to God. I am not mad though I thus speak, but I speak the words of truth and soberness; if haply some of those who still dream may awake and see that as I am so are they. Are they read in philosophy? so was I also. In ancient or modern tongues? so was I also. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I, too, have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon spiritual things? the very same could I do. Are they plenteous in alms? behold, I gave all my goods to feed the poor. Do they give of their labour as well as their substance? I have laboured more abundantly than them all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country. I have put my life in my hand, wandering into strange lands. I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with heat, consumed by toil or weariness, or whatsoever God shall please to bring upon me. But does all this, be it more or less, make me acceptable to God? Does all I ever did or can know, say, give, do, or suffer, justify me in his sight? . . . This, then, I have learned in the ends of the earth.”

Though there is a certain grandiloquence in the words, yet the boast was no vain one; he had intended all he asserts; and though no doubt his own self-will, imperious temper, and indiscriminating zeal had been at the bottom of his sufferings, there is something touching in the return of the self-disgusted missionary, half heart-broken, bowed down by failure, disappointment, and grief, painfully parting with his old hopes, painfully schooling himself to a humility more real than asceticism. “I have no hope but that of being justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus,” he says, as if it were some new discovery. One would have supposed he had believed so all along, and yet he states the truth as but acquired now.

He came home in this broken condition to find, strangely enough, his true work begun. It is evident he had no thought or

idea of any mission waiting for him in England when he landed disconsolate on the white cliffs once more. A general discouragement overwhelmed him. On his way into the port he passed an outward bound vessel waiting a favourable wind, in which, he ascertained on landing, George Whitfield, his disciple and deputy, was on his way to Georgia, where Wesley himself had called him. The apostle who had been driven out of Georgia could not let his brother go without an effort to detain him. He went, as he would himself have said, to God with his burden, and, after much prayer, with the strangest mixture of childishness and solemnity, drew a lot which was to decide the matter. Immediately after a messenger was despatched to the ship with a letter to the outgoing preacher. “When I saw God by the wind which was carrying you out brought me in, I asked counsel of God. His answer you have enclosed.” The enclosure was a slip of paper with this sentence, “Let him return to London.” This strange command does not seem to have reached Whitfield until some months later, when he was settled in Georgia, conciliating with his softer temper and less arrogant manners the flock which Wesley had set by the ears. And he does not seem to have paid any attention to it; but it is a very singular instance of the arbitrary sway which the religious leader felt himself entitled to exercise, and the spark of vindictiveness which lingered in his pious bosom. Having sent forth this ordinance, he went on sadly to London, sore with his downfall, burdened with unsettled convictions. With an attempt to preach himself, if nobody else, into a clearer faith, he opened his lips once more in an English pulpit, taking as his subject the new birth which he yearned to have accomplished in himself. “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature,” was his text; and it is not difficult to imagine the heaviness of spirit with which the weary traveller, the unsuccessful missionary, the trembling and uncertain believer, uttered those uncompromising words. It was on the second day after his arrival in London; and he would seem to have been all but hopeless, wounded in heart and broken in spirit. But unconsciously he was taking up with a stronger grasp than that of a mere orator the thread of Whitfield’s fervent and eloquent addresses. Whether it was his doctrine, which was strange to the contented moralists of the day; or whether there was in the earnestness of the preacher himself straining after the way of salvation an indecorous reality which shocked his calmer

brethren, the result of this first sermon was that the pulpit in which it was preached was henceforth closed to Wesley. In the next which he entered, St. Andrew's, Holborn, he met the same fate. No doubt he was a highly uncomfortable interlocutor in the satisfied circles of the slumbering church; and in all likelihood this prohibition helped to cheer and encourage the doubting preacher, by proving to him that he was still Christian enough and dangerous enough to provoke the enmity of "the world."

Ere long, however, Wesley began to recover himself, to take courage, and perceive that a great mission was before him. At no time had he been inclined to underrate the importance of his own person and work; and when the horizon began to clear over him all his characteristic energies awoke. By degrees, while steadily persisting in preaching to others, he found for himself the prize which he had long sought in vain. Another Moravian, Peter Boehler by name, seems to have completed the work which his community had begun; and half consciously, while stumbling along these doubtful paths, painfully finding out the way for himself, the predestined Reformer began again to collect a company of the faithful round him. Still less consciously he began to yield to the new influences by which he was surrounded; his thoughts ceased to move in the groove of High-Churchmanship; his heart "became so full that he could not confine himself to the forms of prayer" which were customarily used; and at an early period the instinct of a mind formed to organise and administer moved him into the formation of a little Church within the Church as it were, an innovation without warrant or precedent. Not content with the ordinary framework of a congregation, he classed his little band of converts in groups, and gave to them a certain novel shape and cohesion. The company thus organised amounted to forty or fifty people, including a few stray Moravians. Their bond of union was a strange but very loyal allegiance to Wesley as their leader, and a rule drawn out for them "in obedience to the commands of God by St. James, and by the advice of Peter Boehler." "They were to be divided into several bands or little companies, none consisting of fewer than five or more than ten persons; in these bands every one in order engaged to speak as plainly, freely, and concisely as he could the real state of his heart, with his several temptations and deliverances since the last meeting. . . . Any person who desired admission into this society was to be asked what were his motives,

whether he would be entirely open, using no kind of reserve, and whether he objected to any of the rules. The last article provided that no member should be allowed to act in anything contrary to any order of the society, and that any person who did not conform to those orders after being thrice admonished should no longer be esteemed a member." Thus the germ of the great Society of Methodists, the largest dissenting community in existence, and the most orderly and symmetrical, came into being. Its constitution was modelled on that of the Moravians, from whom, however, it gradually diverged in its after-development. The little nucleus of these forty pious companions had within a few years thrown branches into every corner of England, and taken root in America and all the British colonies; and yet no intention of separate existence, no sense of the formation of an individual corporation, was in their minds. They did it with the unconsciousness of humanity, seeking edification and advance in godliness alone. "Oh, what a work," cried Wesley, "has God begun! Such a one as shall never come to an end till heaven and earth pass away." Nothing less than the revivification of the English Church and people was in his thoughts. And though it did not come about in the way he dreamed, there can be no doubt that the life which now swells and quickens in the English Establishment, a more vigorous life than that possessed by any other so-called Protestant Church, has received its great modern impulse from the rising tide of new vitality which warmed those little bands, and set up this curious, fervent, intolerable, righteous brotherhood in face of the world.

It was only after the formation of the "bands," the first beginnings of the body afterwards distinguished by his name, that Wesley declared himself at last *converted*. The event took place on Wednesday, May 28, 1738, about a quarter before nine in the evening (so minute is the record), when one of the humble brotherhood of the society in Aldersgate Street was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ. "I felt my heart strangely warmed," said Wesley. "I felt I did trust Christ — Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. . . . I then testified openly to all them what I now first felt in my heart." The announcement of this certainty perhaps does not strike the reader with the interest which a great event deserves. It rather startles and shakes

than arouses his faith in the hero of the story; but then the reader has not felt all the violent vicissitudes of light and darkness through which Wesley's soul had passed; he has not been in alarm about the salvation of a man so manifestly labouring hard to serve God, however mistaken he may have been by times. It is evident that to Wesley himself the event was of the highest importance; but the news did nothing but vex and annoy everybody connected with him. We share the feelings of surprise and partial irritation with which the Huttons, good people, with whom he was living at the time, received the announcement. The master of the house had been calmly reading a sermon to his family on the Sunday evening, in the half-cloistered quiet of Dean's Yard at Westminster, when John Wesley suddenly stood up and announced to the confounded household that he had never been a Christian till within the last five days. Mr. Hutton, stupefied by the intimation, called out with the alarm of a respectable Churchman, "Have a care, Mr. Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments!" His wife, more ready-witted, answered with epigrammatic sharpness, "If you were not a Christian ever since I knew you, you were a great hypocrite, for you made us all believe you were one"—a response which sums up what will be the feeling of most spectators on this difficult subject.

Sharper and warmer was the feeling of Samuel Wesley, the elder brother. He thinks it likely that Jack must be mad after such a statement: "Perpetual intensity of thought and want of sleep may have disordered my brother," he says in his trouble. And good Mrs. Hutton, anxious for an enthusiastic son of her own, who was being led astray, suggests that Wesley should be confined if not converted from this mad notion, "in charity to many honest, well-meaning, simple souls." Such was the effect upon the anxious friends; for the new convert, not content with proclaiming his own deliverance, had cast a firebrand among his companions by declaring that only in such a way—by personal revelation—conviction, *assurance*—could any man be saved. No wonder the good folks who walked humbly with their God, but had no revelations from heaven, should have been moved out of all patience. Wesley, however, left the domestic storm to rage itself out, and went away at this critical moment with the heart lightened of its load, and the glow of an assured and perfect faith warming his heart, to Saxony, to visit the

house and sanctuary of his Moravian fathers in the faith.

Our space does not permit us to enter into his visit to Herrnhut, interesting and quaint as is the society he found there, the spotless, monotonous, serene little church of the Moravians, the only example of family monasticism in the world. He learned much from them, and he learned that he could not be of them, or affiliate himself to their strange little hierarchy, having no mind to acknowledge any Pope but John Wesley in the world. And the Moravians had already their Pope in the person of Zinzendorf. When he returned he found his bands, though watched over by his brother Charles in his absence, had already got into trouble. They had begun to quarrel among themselves; and, to mend matters, had fallen foul of that doctrine of predestination which has driven so many good Christians frantic. His presence quelled the uproar almost as if by magic, and he soon found time to write a letter to his late hosts, taking them soundly to task for various matters which he disapproved of—a letter, however, which he had the discretion not to send. Nothing could be more singular than Wesley's position at this moment. He was the acknowledged head of a body of fervent Christians, their spiritual director and guide, holding an authority almost absolute over them: yet, while thus exercising something very like a spiritual episcopacy, he was a clergyman without regular duty, with no pulpit of his own, no cure of souls, no right to interfere in the instruction of the people. From this curious platform of unofficial authority he admonished everybody who came in his way, from the stone-breaker on a country roadside to the Bishop of London, whom he not only endeavoured to convert to his new views, but whom he took upon himself to make suggestions to, urging upon him, for example (of all things in the world), the duty of rebaptising Dissenters! It does not seem to have occurred to him to seek a settled position of any kind. A clergyman without a cure, a preacher without a pulpit, a spiritual father supreme over his numerous penitents in what was then the most Protestant of Churches—could any position be more anomalous? And the society over which he ruled ripened in natural development from day to day; its members increased; its meetings became daily more agitated and exciting; a society which had seen, as it were, its Founder converted in its very midst; seen the Holy Ghost descend upon him, and heard the outcry of his confession that only in that moment did he know God

—who can wonder if every new-comer there hoped, like Wesley, to be seized by some rushing fiery impulse—some divine flash of enlightenment, doing such a work as ages of mere duty could not accomplish? They told each other strange tales, such as he had told them, of the power of God in their souls. The very first rule of their system was that each individual should narrate weekly the secret story of his heart. Thus the fire burned, the excitement grew, and Wesley stood by watching it, throwing oil on the flames—his own position as exceptional, as unauthorised and unprecedented as theirs—a leader with no lawful commission—a Churchman under no legitimate authority—a man out of all order of nature, born for the time.

For it is clear that all this unintentional lawlessness, this wild vindication of the spirit against the letter, in its very extravagance, was the impulse needed to disturb the settled composure of the age. What man had to be taught was—a lesson never unnecessary, but at some times urgent above all other needs—that the outside was not all, nor even the most important part, of the life of man; that to be made a Christian by “the two Sacraments” was not enough; nor to go to church of Sundays, nor even to read a sermon to your family on the evening of that heavy, slumberous, idle day. It was Wesley’s mission to proclaim, with such trumpet as came to his hand, that all this, and a world more, even personal goodness of a higher cast, even highest ritualism, asceticism, external self-denial, giving goods to the poor and body to be burnt, was not enough; that nothing but a man’s heart and soul were fit offerings to God; that the invisible, the impalpable, the great world of mystery above and behind and around this speck of visible existence, was not less, but more real than that existence itself. Such was the lesson he had to teach to a materialist age. He did it not with the wisdom of a sage, but with all the force, the energy, the foolishness, and high devotion of a true man. We are not called upon to admire or to adopt his rhapsodies, the visions of his disciples, the peculiarities of his doctrine, any more than we are required to approve the arrogance and the imperiousness which were the natural defects of his character. We can only say, such was his work in the world. He did it imperfectly and wildly;—he might have chosen a better way—he might have been less rude, less extravagant, more shapely and gracious in the letters of fire he had to write for us upon the wall. But the handwriting he

traced with faltering finger was the message of God most needful to the world. He did it half unawares, involuntarily, not knowing what was to come of it; but, with all his faults upon his head, he did it thoroughly and well.

The height of excitement to which the new inspiration of the brotherhood rose may be indicated by a brief account given by Wesley of one of their meetings just after the return of Whitfield to England:—

“On the first night of the New Year,” he says, “Mr. Hall, Kinchine, Ingham, Whitfield, Hutchins, and my brother Charles, were present at a love-feast, with about sixty of our brethren. About three in the morning, as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His Majesty, we broke out with one voice, *‘We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.’*”

The names quoted here are almost all those of clergymen. Such a passion of religious earnestness could not be shut up within the narrow limits of the bands. The Church, as a whole, looked coldly on, shutting its pulpit-doors—at the best, sneering with the world at the Methodists, monasticists, men of the Rule who stood up in its midst, in such wild raptures, proclaiming their fellowship with God. They should have but little fellowship with man, said the phalanx of orderly clergymen standing close and shutting their ranks. The Bishops, though very mild and tolerant, could not be supposed to be specially inclined towards the insubordinate priests who were ready at a moment’s notice to convert them, or “deal faithfully” with their souls. And it was not possible that so many educated men, trained to active work—not to speak of the still less restrained fervour of the humbler brethren who thus felt themselves raised to the rank of prophets and made a special people in the midst of a darkened world—could content themselves long with the monotonous existence of love-feasts and watchnights in one obscure and limited circle. It was Whitfield who first broke through the charmed circle. Less bound by the punctilios of professional etiquette, with less standing to lose, and free by his lowly birth and breeding from many of the traditions of clerical respectability which bound the Wesleys, Whitfield followed the warm impulse within him without thought of policy or fear of results. The colliers

of Kingswood, near Bristol, were proverbial for their savage character and brutality. They had no place of worship near them, and nobody so much as dreamt of inquiring whether by chance they too might have souls to be saved. The wandering Evangelist saw, and with that instinct or inspiration which in a great crisis often seems to direct the instrument of Providence, saw his opportunity at a glance. On the afternoon of Saturday, February 17, 1739, breaking the iron decorum of the Church, but not a single thread of the allegiance which bound him to her, he took his stand on a little summit in the benighted heathen district, and proclaimed to the gaping amazed populace the message they had never heard before. Ere long, thousands gathered round him, eager to see so new a thing, to hear so strange a communication. Under the spring sunshine they gathered "in an awful manner, in the profoundest silence," says the preacher, moved to the heart by the un hoped-for magnitude of his own work. The rude miners stood still as death, turning their dark countenances towards him, weeping white tears down their grimy, coal-stained cheeks. Never since the barefooted friars had wandered that way, with the wide and elastic commission of Rome, had preachers stood in England by field and hedgerows, calling the lost sheep to the fold. The eighteenth-century preacher, in his curled wig and comely bands, is no such picturesque figure as the Franciscan; but yet nothing could have been more impressive than the scenes he describes with an evident awe upon his own mind. "The trees and hedges were full," he says. "All was hushed when I began." Sometimes as many as twenty thousand collected around the little hill—at times a thrill of emotion ran through the crowd. They wept aloud together over their sins; they sang together with that wonderful voice of a multitude which has something in it more impressive than any music. The sun fell aslant over the sea of heads, the "solemnity of approaching evening" stole over the strange scene. Through the preacher's minute, monotonous diary, there throbs a sudden fulness of human feeling as he records it. It was sometimes "almost too much" for him. And as he tells us the story at this long distance, we are still touched by the tears in his voice.

This was the first outburst of the new light upon the outer world. Hitherto it had been limited, shining as it were underground, in obscure corners, where a pulpit could be found, or a few faithful persons gathered together. It is very difficult to

disentangle the thread of Wesley's life at this moment from that of the simpler, humbler, sweeter, less conventional soul which acted as his pioneer, and began with a kind of splendid inadvertence his greatest efforts. Whitfield went forth in quaint evangelical simplicity, and did what his hand found to do, rather hoping to be persecuted for it, caring no more for his character or standing than had he possessed neither; and when the rough work was done, sent for his leader with a loyalty little to be expected under the circumstances, yet such as Wesley seemed to have some innate faculty of winning. When the work at Kingswood had reached the vast proportions just described, the preacher wrote urgent letters, begging his Pope and brother to come down and enter on his labours. Then there ensued a curious scene. No doubt Wesley's soul thirsted to enter upon this new mode of work, which would open all England to him, and unloose in a moment the conventional bonds in which he was still tied. But ought he to do it? At this grand crisis, the most important in his life, Wesley took the strangest way of deciding his fate. He consulted the Bible—that is, he used it as an oracle, as he had done in former cases, resolved to be guided by the texts he should light upon. The texts were of the most uncomfortable character. They seem to warn him of a fatal issue to his mission. "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake," was one, and the most intelligible. At last, after many determined efforts to make the sacred pages second his own wishes, he took refuge in direct drawing of lots, and by this trustworthy method was instructed to go. The members of the society, however, who appear to have from a very early period exacted payment from Wesley for their obedience to him, by unlimited babble about his affairs, took to the oracle again; and eliciting the fact from their Bibles that "Ahaz slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city, even in Jerusalem," took leave of their leader mournfully, believing him doomed to death. Such was also his own conviction. He set out in unflinching obedience to the lot, but with the feeling of a doomed man, leaving his blessing behind him; and so brought himself into contact with the freer air again, and once more carried his Gospel, such as it had warmed, and changed, and developed into, to the world.

His feelings on getting down to the field of action, were of a curious, complicated kind. "I could scarce reconcile myself at first to this strange way," he says, "having

been all my life, till very lately, so timorous of every point relating to decency and order, that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church." His heart stirred in him more and more as he sat by and saw the great assembly gather, and dauntless Whitfield, not concerned about such punctilios, preach to them with his usual fervour. The mind of Wesley goes on working through it all with that curious power of modification in opinion, following the tenor of his wishes, which is common to humanity. Next day he remarks to himself, having evidently travelled a long way in the mean time, that our Lord's Sermon on the Mount was "one pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching; and I suppose there were churches at that time also," he adds, meeting his own scruples as they arise. On the third day he had mastered the controversy and took the decisive step. "I submitted to be more vile," he says, "and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation." Such was the issue — a result easily to be foreseen; for it is amazing how texts and doctrines and opinions, however apparently hostile, all fuse and melt into arguments for the step which a man in his secret heart all the time desires to take.

As soon as Wesley began to preach thus in Bristol and its neighbourhood, a great outbreak of the strange phenomena which generally attend the beginning of every great religious movement took place. People were seized upon whilst listening to his preaching by paroxysms of nervous emotion, often reaching the length of positive convulsion fits. They "cried out and shouted as in the agonies of death." They fell on their faces on the ground; they poured forth sometimes wild blasphemies, sometimes as wild confessions of sin. They "roared for the disquietness of their heart," says the preacher, describing the extraordinary scene which daily took place around him. Such scenes have not yet vanished from among us. The present writer witnessed many years ago with the wonder, half-consternation, half-belief of youth, a band of devout Methodists kneeling round a groaning prostrate figure, adjuring God, by every kind of wild argument, to save the sinner *now*. "Now, Lord!" shouted these grandchildren of the disciples of Wesley, with an excitement of eagerness which no doubt was chiefly traditional, an inheritance from the period when Wesley and his brethren threw themselves on their knees around the convulsionist just struck down in their midst, and "ceased not calling upon God till He raised him up full of peace

and joy in the Holy Ghost." Southey is very hard upon his hero for these singular manifestations. The poet takes it for granted they were impositions, not reflecting how rare a successful imposition is; or attributes the strange effect to fanaticism or enthusiasm, not perceiving that this throws no light whatever on the mystery, but simply shifts its ground. Since his day we have made at least the advance, if advance it is, of looking upon even such exciting matters with unprejudiced eyes, not to condemn, but to see what is in them. And though they are still unexplained, and like to remain so, it is very clear that they were no impositions. From the days of John the Baptist till now, such incidents have made themselves visible wherever a new voice like that of him in the wilderness has come, rousing the world into a revival of religious life. They were new in England, and no doubt were perniciously fostered by the very principles of the society, which encouraged, and indeed commanded, every man to lay bare his personal experience. But how John Wesley, himself (as he believed) converted in an instant by a flash of light from heaven, could reject the evidence of men to whom the same light came, only with a more violent illumination, producing effects more startling in appearance, but not more momentous, it would be hard to say. On the contrary, he was bound to believe them, and he did believe. His preachings were thus made the occasion of wild and wonderful scenes, exhibitions of the strangest and most indecorous emotion. We stand at our ease and blame him for his ready belief and adoption of all these wonders; but for a man bred in that age, and holding the principles he did, we do not see what else he could have done. His brother Samuel, evidently a most well-meaning, sober-minded man, but with no special call or mission to the world, vexed the soul of the Reformer at this period with long-winded letters upon these phenomena. In the very midst of his exciting and laborious life this correspondence comes in, full of an anxious and not unkindly or unthoughtful endeavour to make him believe that his work is foolishness, and his followers impostors or madmen. We cannot but feel that Wesley has the best of the controversy, however impressed we may be by the good sense and moderation of his brother. He says, with natural warmth, that these effects were not outward only, or he would not believe in them, but that they were followed by entire and undeniable reformation of life, the strongest argument that could be adduced in their favour.

It was the same Samuel Wesley who suggested that his mother should dig in the spot where the Epworth ghost had seemed to pour money at her feet, who made this opposition, a man consequently not in the least sceptical as to supernatural interference in the affairs of men; and surely if such influence were possible, no motive could be given for its exercise half so powerful as that of saving a soul and reforming a life. The "manifestations," to borrow a modern cant expression, in which the good man did believe, were altogether fantastic and meaningless; the phenomena he assailed were connected with the greatest of spiritual events. Surely it was the preacher who had the best of the argument.

At Bristol another great step was made towards the organisation of Methodism; but, again, in an unconscious and almost accidental way. Their first meeting-house came into being, not with any idea of making a church of it, but solely for the convenience of the "bands" which could find no rooms to meet in. For this building money, of course, was required; and while Wesley was considering and consulting with his friends how to raise it, one of the members of the society proposed that every person in it should contribute a penny a-week till the whole was paid. When it was objected that many of them were poor, the proposer of the scheme continued, "Put eleven of the poorest with me, and if they can give anything, well. I will call on them weekly; and if they can give nothing, I will give for them as well as for myself." This scheme, by which a princely income has since been secured, unfolded further capabilities as it was put into practice. "The persons who had undertaken for a class, as their divisions were called, discovered some irregularities among those for whose contributions they were responsible, and reported it to Wesley." With the clear eye of a born administrator he perceived at once the wonderful instrument of power on which he had unwittingly laid his hand; and in a moment, it may be said, the discipline of the community was established. The class-leaders became not only the collectors but the inspectors of the rising community. They were to "see every person in their division at least once a-week, in order to inquire how their souls prospered; to advise, reprove, comfort, and exhort as occasion might require, and to receive what they were willing to give towards the expenses of the society and the relief of the poor. They were also to meet the minister and stewards of the society, that they might inform the minister of any that were

sick and any that were disorderly." Each leader was, in short, a kind of authorised and solemn spy with a half-sacred character—commissioned to pry into the souls, the characters, and actions of the flock in their most private moments. It is a most curious fact that the yoke of such a system as this, perhaps the most frightful kind of inquisition ever established, was voluntarily and joyfully taken up by a mass of persons who, by the very act of entering the society, had made a vow of obedience as complete as ever bound a religious order; and that Wesley, himself a man not endowed with that overflowing human sympathy which attaches all who come within its sphere—a man, on the contrary, not over warm in his affections, imperious in character, full of natural arrogance and severity, should have placed himself at the head of so extraordinary a hierarchy, more absolute than any Pope, is more extraordinary still. Had this rule of Methodism been enforced by any Government, lay or ecclesiastical, it would have roused the whole energy of human nature in a struggle against the intolerable tyranny. Yet thousands of people submitted to it joyfully at the mere will of Wesley and his ecclesiastics! We do not know any more extraordinary fact in the history of religion.

The only change made from this first beginning was, that the classes soon began to meet weekly in some settled place instead of the visitation from house to house—a considerable relaxation of the system. And such at the present time continues to be the constitution and government of the Methodist Society.

The community thus brought into being grew, as every created thing must grow, developing principles and details unthought of by its founders; for an institution of any popular kind is like Frankenstein's monster in the story, and pledges its maker to many a mode of provision for its gigantic wants, from which he would have shrunk at the beginning. When he had surmounted his dislike to the first steps, Wesley found that another and another remained to take, all inevitable, and most distasteful. Field-preaching, lay-preaching, gradual separation from the Church of which he still prided himself on being a priest and member, came upon him unawares. He found himself committed to one step after another before he perceived what he was doing, and defended himself with curious sophistry as soon as he had yielded to the claims of each separate crisis. "Being ordained as Fellow of a College, I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeter-

minate commission to preach the Word of God in any part of the Church of England," he said to the Bishop of Bristol when requested to leave that prelate's diocese. "Of all men living," he said at a later period, "those clergymen ought not to complain who believe I preach the Gospel. If they do not ask me to preach in their churches, they are accountable for my preaching in the fields." In the same strain he asked, when circumstances drove him unwillingly into the acceptance of lay-preaching, "What was to be done in a case of so extreme necessity when so many souls were at stake?" He went on thus from step to step, battling nobly with the necessities of his position, and artfully persuading himself of their wisdom as soon as his decision was made and the act beyond recall. Thus the elaborate financial and inquisitorial system of the new community arose out of the fact that a humble barn had to be built to shelter them at their prayers, and the system of itinerary and lay-preaching had both their origin in the sudden extent and multiplication of the members of the Society. Serious intention or purpose there was none in these extraordinary innovations. They were expedients demanded by the necessities of the moment — expedients which, once being established, commended themselves as full of use and adaptation to the great want that existed before they did. The work of Wesley in his age and country was to create that want, and the very strangeness of the means he was obliged to take to supply it, proved how entirely he had fulfilled his mission.

We need not pause, having already exceeded our space, to follow him through his controversy and separation from the Moravians, or breach with Whitfield. The latter disagreement was on the vexed point of predestination, which Whitfield held strongly, and Wesley from his youth had abhorred. The controversy waxed very hot, and much pain and confusion was wrought, as usual, by that "madness in the brain" which comes upon men when they are wroth with one they love. It is hard to tell who has the better in such a disputation, for it is the luck of such disputations to bring out the worst side of both arguments. We owe to Wesley, however, a trenchant definition of his opponent's doctrine, which shows the practical greatness of his mind and style. By the dogma of election, he says the elect are saved, do what they will; and the rest of the world damned, do what they can. While thus strong against the favourite doctrines of Calvinism, he was firmly set upon the peculiarities belonging to himself. He

demanding of every Christian that he should possess an *assurance* that his soul was saved, and at the same time a belief that his soul, even when thus enlightened, might fall away and be lost; and he enforced upon his converts the still more extraordinary dogma of perfectibility, requiring them to believe that in their flesh they might become entirely holy, perfect, free from evil deed or thought. Without this, and especially the first, no one could, according to the Reformer, be a Christian at all. His mother at seventy, in some moment of pious exaltation, had, while receiving the communion, been touched by a thrill of higher feeling than usual, and told it to her son, as, no doubt, a revelation from the Holy Spirit, giving the assurance he held so necessary. When this good woman died, not long after — the mother from whom nearly twenty years before he had received such Christian guidance as few are qualified to give — Wesley was so far warped by his opinions as to put this incident on record on her tombstone as the chief feature in her history, describing her virtuous and pious life as a "legal night of seventy years." Nothing could be more characteristic of the man. His certainty that he himself was and must be right, and that everybody else was naturally prone to error, is as clear in his life as is the wonderful clear-sightedness and faculty of seeing what good there was in any suggestion which gives to his otherwise narrow personality a certain appearance of candour and frankness. As for those who differed with him in his own Society, he made sharp work of them. One of these objectors, who held by Whitfield, and had permitted somebody to speak disrespectfully of Wesley at a class-meeting, found himself, to his intense astonishment, solemnly excommunicated ere he knew what was coming. Wesley brooked no rivals, no jar of conflicting claims. He was the universal Court of Appeal, the one man living whose judgment was final. Even in later times, when the Methodists had set up their Conference or Parliament, it was still "Mr. Wesley and the Conference," — as we should say, King, Lords, and Commons. No committee full of talking and circumlocution disturbed the unity and promptitude of his action. He saw a thing was good and expedient to be done, and did it, without even a pretence of taking constitutional counsel. True, his people interfered with him, drew lots for him, poked themselves bodily into his affairs with a sense that he belonged to them body and soul; but this is the primitive price of popularity, the natural lot of every benevo-

lent despot; he softened much in his insistence upon special points of doctrine towards the end of his life; but he never ceased, within the community he had created, to be Pope and King.

It is scarcely necessary to our purpose to trace the after details of a life which was no life at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but only a mere string of preachings, journeys, meditations, narratives of interesting cases, and awakening meetings. His journals bear a good deal of resemblance to the note-books of a physician: wild records of agitation and excitement subdued, if not by the laying on of his hands, at least by the prayers poured forth over the writhing patient; sometimes broken by gleams of miracle — actual disease healed and devils put to flight — sermons preached in field and churchyard, on his father's tomb by Epworth Church, where he was refused admittance to the communion — everywhere, where men could be got together to listen — fill up the curious, monotonous, wonderful narrative. He rode all over the country — in the course of his life, it is said, "above a hundred thousand miles" — for the most part leaving the reins on his horse's neck, and reading whilst he rode, blocking out the too ready entrance of thought in a way which it is perhaps good for a man to do when he has found his work in the world, and has no more time left in which to assail and defend his own purpose or being. "In seventy years I never lost one night's sleep," he was able to say at the close of his life. After the troublous morning, with all its delusive storms and lights, a severe, much-occupied existence, full of a great work, and of that power which was the passion of his soul, fell to his share. Outside, trouble surrounded him by times; more than once he was seized upon by a mob, whom he confronted with the cool courage which seldom fails in such an emergency, and which naturally, after a short interval, changed his pursuers into his champions and protectors. He had the care of the Church upon his head, but no personal cares to speak of. He married in middle age, for no particular reason, it would appear. Charles Wesley had married, and Whitfield had married, and the Reformer seems to have thought it was inconsistent with his dignity that he should appear incapable of forming the same tie. His wife was a thorn in his flesh, persecuting him with (of all things in the world) her jealousy of the female correspondents, who are the invariable solace of such a man. He had bargained with her that he was not to preach a sermon or travel a mile the less for their union; and probably

Mrs. Wesley did not see much good of a husband who was always abroad in the world, joggling all over England, and even Scotland, no companion or help to her. The foolish woman did what she could to make his life a burden to him for twenty years, and then withdrew finally, for no better reason than had dictated her former vagaries. No doubt his placid life was ruffled by this disturbance, but there is no appearance that any profound love existed in him to give a sting to the irritation. He expresses himself well rid of her (though the Latin is not so plump) in his journal; yet confesses to himself that perhaps he had better not have written *that* letter which she had found and read — probably a most pious, harmless epistle. Thus, and thus only, was the thread fretted, which ran on in a strength most unusual to man to a very advanced age. At seventy-two he declared himself to possess "the same strength as I did thirty years ago," while he attributes this to "my constant rising at four for about fifty years, my generally preaching at five in the morning — *one of the most healthy exercises in the world* — my never travelling less, by land and sea, than four thousand five hundred miles in a year." At seventy-eight he was still, by the blessing of God, just the same as when twenty-eight. A life full of active exercise, occupation of mind and body, uninterrupted and often extensive, yet unembittered by pricks of care, or those wounds to the heart and affections which waste the energies of men more than work, preserved him thus to extreme old age. He would seem to have had no passions to wear him out: his deepest emotions could be brought before the brethren to be talked over and settled. His natural heat of temper softened down as soon as he came to have things his own way, — a pleasant manner of subduing that weakness. His intolerance was only shown towards those who troubled him with their differences of opinion. "I have no more right to differ with a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig," he says; "but if he takes his wig off and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get rid of him as soon as possible." This he did summarily, and without hesitation, preserving the peace of the Society by quick execution of heretics. In short, he was not a man of dogmatic genius, or commissioned to impress new opinions on his race. His business was to convince the country it had a soul, and to drive it with violence, if necessary, by any means that man may use, to save that soul alive.

He was trained for this work by the trouble he had about his own, "making" it, as the Irish say, in the first half of his existence, and with natural heat insisting that everybody around him should join in the operation. His own spiritual history is the chart by which he guided the great ship of which he was made pilot. In the early part of his life he insisted that every man should be an ascetic; in the latter, that every man should be converted by conscious movement of Heaven, illumination from the Holy Ghost. His determination and tenacity prevailed when a lighter purpose would have come to nothing. To have brought together and constituted such a community as that of the Methodists, is almost as great a work, taken in a merely external political point of view, as that of founding a kingdom, and in right royal guise he organised and legislated for his spiritual empire. Not on constitutional principles, or with any weak view of representing the people, but as a royal act of grace, he created the Conference, describing it as composed of "preachers and expounders of God's holy word, under the care of and in connexion with the said John Wesley." At the time of his death, in 1791, 313 preachers and about 77,000 people in England, and at least two-thirds of the number in America, owned his spiritual sway. And yet the founding of this kingdom was not his greatest work. Silent, good men then, as at all times, were sadly moving about the world, keeping their little lamps alight, giving of their oil to none. Wesley threw his, kindled and glowing, into the wide country. He awoke the Church and the race — he made religion a fact too visible to be denied, and changed the spiritual complexion and tenor of his age. How much effect his work may have had in arresting in England that horrible course of national corruption which ended two generations later on the other side of the

Channel in the wildest national explosion and conflagration which has ever startled mankind, is an inquiry into which we have neither time nor call to enter. His figure stands out from the confused background of his time, not in any halo of tenderness or human attraction, not in any overwhelming light of genius, but fixed for ever on the unalterable foundation of a great work. Never has man laboured more hardily, more constantly, with greater devotion or steadiness. With such a pioneer as Whitfield, and such a henchman as his brother Charles, it is still John Wesley who occupies this supreme place — not always wise, often self-willed, immoderate, much-exciting, but yet the Prophet and Reformer of his age.

Had he been in the Church of Rome (and there can be no doubt that there was his fittest sphere), Wesley would have been splendidly utilised, would have taken his place with Dominic and Francis, founder of a vast community. The Church of England, less wise, let the man and his followers slip through her fingers, but, moved by the influence he had thrown abroad into the air, roused herself, as Englishmen use, when the hour was past, to make up as best she could for that inadvertence. Wesley died as he had lived, no schismatic, but a true son of the Church, which was too sleepy even to eject him for his innovations. But her sleep ended with the generation which laughed horse-laughs at the Methodists, and shut their pulpits against their leader. The work of Wesley lived after him, like every great work. Long as his life was, it was not long enough to see the full effect of his influence. And there can be no doubt that, had he lived to see it, the awakening of the Church of England would have been to him a more joyful event than even the increase of the great Society which for nearly a hundred years has borne his name.

The Shady Side and the Sunny Side. Two New England Stories. By Two Country Ministers' Wives. Sampson Low.

THESE are two tales of the "Queechy" class, not quite so good as that book, but still fairly readable, and interesting as pictures of a life which offers many points both of resemblance and of contrast to that which answers to it among ourselves. To us they are disfigured, as to others doubtless they will be made attractive, by a religious phraseology, in which there is much that we do not like and not a little that we do not understand. The most valuable part in both of them is the picture which they exhibit of the relations which exist in money matters between ministers and their congregations. The writers

of course know better than any one else where the shoe pinches, and possibly they exaggerate the discomfort; but it must anyhow be bad enough, worse, we should say, than what is commonly to be found in England. Some English ministers probably know what it is to have hard bargains driven with them, but we have never heard of their being afflicted with the "truck" system, which the ingenuity of the New Englanders has contrived to apply to their ministers. We should say that it was an unheard-of thing here for a man to pay his pew-rent with a sack of "speckly" potatoes. Altogether the tales are pleasantly written and are worth reading. The first of the two is, we should say, the best.

Spectator.

LETTICE LISLE.

CHAPTER I.

A YEOMAN'S ESTATE.

So they just go on locking the gate as usual! I can't think what they want to be so very private for," said a disagreeable-looking man, mounted on an exceedingly good horse, as he tried at a gate which led out of the deep hollow lane where he was riding into a neglected grass-grown road. He got down and tried to take it off its hinges, but it was secured at that end also. He uttered an oath, and then, seeming to know the place well, rode on to a field gate which opened on the lane further down, and came back across the pasture to his point.

It was a beautiful bit of ground, lying just where the land fell away in a gentle slope to the valley below; tossed about in every possible direction, with a clear pool at the bottom of the little dell in the heart of it, and with peeps at blue distance from all the higher points. But all was neglected and dilapidated: the fences, like overgrown thickets, were badly mended, the magnificent trees stood so thickly as to spoil each other, the gates, with the exception of the one into the lane, were all half broken, and there was a sad poverty-stricken look about everything. The horseman rode along the grassy unused road, across which lay the evening shadows, up to a sort of wide irregular avenue, the large branches of the tall elms arching in a great green space, which ended in a farmyard, wood-yard, rickyard, all in one. Beyond this lay a curious old timbered house, its gables and many mullioned windows showing that it had once been a place of much greater pretension than as belonging to the poor yeoman its present possessor.

All was very still: the unseen flail in a barn close at hand, the cawing of the rooks in the trees above, and an occasional low from a distant cow coming home to be milked, were the only sounds to be heard, and there was no one to be seen about the house.

He called several times without receiving any answer. At last he caught sight of a little girl standing quietly in a sort of island of light, where the sunshine came through an opening in the high trees down upon her golden hair.

"Is nobody at home?" said the horseman impatiently.

"Granny's in the house," replied the child in a very low, shy voice. He fastened his horse to a broken paling, and walked up to the beautiful old wooden porch, with a curious pinnacle in the carved gable, hung with a neglected tangle of vine and jessamine, and with a stone seat on each side. As he came near, a tall, dark, stern-looking woman of about fifty, dressed in black, appeared at the open door. Her features had the remains of having once been very handsome, but now the sad dreary determination in her face was its striking part.

She motioned her visitor, without speaking, into the house: he was evidently no welcome guest. In a few minutes he came out again. "You'll tell Wynyate what I say," he called out, as he mounted his horse and rode away in an opposite direction to that in which he had come.

The child had continued almost motionless in the place where she had first seen him, but when he disappeared she gave a sigh of relief; she did not know him, but her instinct was as strongly against him as that of a bird which cowers away before a hawk.

She went on with her solitary play. A tall chestnut, a magnificent tower of bloom, stood at the end of the aisle of arching branches, leaving the blackness of the shadows under them still more striking. A shower of the blossoms had fallen after a little rain, and the child was stringing them upon a grass. She had hung herself over with long daisy chains, and the old shepherd smiled kindly at her as she passed.

"Thou'st made thyself rare and fine, my little maid," said he, affectionately.

Suddenly her grandmother's harsh voice was heard.

"Lettrice, come in directly, child; it's time for you to be abed."

The little girl rose slowly, though obediently — bed has a gruesome sound on a May evening, flowers blooming, birds singing, cows lowing — it seems a terrible hardship to be shut up with eyes closed to all this beauty, while the sleep, which makes it endurable if not pleasant, is not counted in a child's imagination.

As she reluctantly walked towards the house with her finger in her eye, a tall boy, about fifteen, with a merry look on his rosy brown face, came up behind her.

"Why, Lettrice, what's the matter now, little one?" And he took her up in his arms as he spoke.

"Oh, uncle Edward," said she, flinging her arms round his neck in an ecstasy of hope, "mayn't I stay up for your supper; please mayn't I? It isn't seven o'clock yet. Oh, please," and she hugged him tightly.

"We'll see about it, little 'un; don't ye put yourself in such a way," answered he, carrying her straight into the sort of house-place, half kitchen, half sitting-room, shut off from the entrance by a curious sort of black oak screen.

A grave, sad-looking man was standing by the latticed window at the further end, but he did not seem to see them come in. He was the true son of his mother — the same high forehead and deep-set eyes — but there had been a cross in the blood: the stern mouth and chin had not descended to him; there was a great deal of tenderness about the lines in his face, and what might be contemplation, or the indecision produced, as sometimes happens, by the fear of giving pain.

"Mayn't Lettrice stay up for supper to-night, Amyas?" said the boy, going up to his brother with the child still in his arms.

Amyas seemed to bring his thoughts up out of some far-off deep well, and even then required to have the question repeated before he took it in.

"She's much better abed," observed her grandmother, in a short tone.

"Nay, let the child stay with us this once, mother," replied Amyas, gently.

Mrs. Wynyate did not answer, and began in silence to make preparations for the meal.

"I should like some bread-and-milk to-night, mother," said the boy. And, without any observation or assistance from her, he went from the dairy to the pantry and back again to the kitchen fire, Lettrice, in the full glory of "sitting up," following him like a little dog, carrying the plate, tak-

ing back the jug, and watching the boiling of the saucepan.

Two other brothers, strong sturdy fellows, strolled in. "Les quatre fils d'Aymon" were very unlike. These two seemed hardly above the level of labourers, and the few words which they uttered about their work, the way in which they cut their great slices of bread-and-cheese and cold fat bacon, and drank their deep draughts of thin cider, were of the same character — while Amyas had had a good deal of schooling as the eldest of the family, and so had Edward as the youngest.

"Could ye give me a dish o' tea, mother?" said Amyas, looking round rather drearily at the comfortless meal as he sat down to the long deal table.

"Tea's six shillings a pound," said Mrs. Wynyate, with a sort of short sigh, as she filled the teapot.

He drank his tea eagerly, but touched nothing else. It was a serious meal — it could hardly be otherwise with that stern woman seated at one end of the table, and that silent sad man at the other. But Lettrice, sitting upon Edward's knee, was like the bit of sunshine in the avenue: she fed him with the bread-and-milk, and a low ripple of laughter went on between them at the landing of each "fish" out of the pool of milk into his mouth.

Mrs. Wynyate looked on with increasing disfavour.

"Sit up to the table, Ned, and don't crumb about," said she at last.

"They're not making a mess," said her uncle Amyas, gently, looking at her with the ghost of a smile. "Lettrie's a tidy little lass, — neat, like her grandmother."

It was the second time that evening that he had interfered in her behalf, and she laid her soft little cheek against his arm as she sat next him in a passion of gratitude.

But execution came after the reprieve — the supper things were soon carried away and the child led off in earnest. She escaped from her stern grandmother's hands, however, once again and ran back.

"Good-night, uncle Amyas," said she, climbing up on his knee and putting her arms tenderly round his neck.

He kissed her very fondly, and set her silently down, and then justice had its course.

"Good-night, uncle Job, good-night, uncle John, good-night, Ted," she cried, as she was led off.

"You musn't call your uncle, Ted," said Mrs. Wynyate, gravely.

Job and John kept hours with the cows

and poultry; they were up with the sun, and thought no shame to go to bed with it. Edward had some boyish operation on a forked sort of root, which he was shaping with a knife, which took him a little longer, but even he soon disappeared, and Amyas and his mother were left alone.

"And he threatened they'd foreclose the mortgage?" said he, with a sort of dreary sigh. "Did he say how much time they'd allow to pay?"

Mrs. Wynyate was refooting a stocking by the miserable light of a "tallow dip."

"He said the interest hadn't been paid regular this dozen years; hardly ever in full, nor by yer father nor by you, and that yer couldn't expect any one to be kep' out of his money like that."

"And I'm sure I don't know where the money's to come from; with wheat down where 'tis, the farm didn't much more than pay the interest last year, and six mouths to feed off it."

"He said why didn't ye cut the trees? they was spiling one another and the land too, they were so thick."

"I meant to have done it this spring, but I couldn't find a good sale. We must cut 'em, but I hate touching the old timber," said Amyas, with a sort of groan. "I'll see and mark 'em now, however: but it's too late to fell the oak this spring," he added, with a kind of relief. And after sitting in silence for some time, he, too, rose and went off to bed in the dark. Mrs. Wynyate's glimmering light, however, shone on hour after hour, as she sat and sewed, and mended, and darned, and patched, till far on into the night.

CHAPTER II.

AMYAS WYNYATE AND HIS HOME.

THE Woodhouse was a yeoman's estate. It had been in the family of the Wynyates for many generations, gradually becoming more and more impoverished, mortgaged as it was almost up to the value of the last acre; which is the case, indeed, with most of these properties. In the old days the yeoman class seems to have been prosperous and useful, but, under the present state of things, they cannot apparently keep pace with the farmers of other men's land, who bring in fresh capital and fresh ideas and energy, and are everywhere in England gradually dying out,—a curious contrast, whether for good or evil, to the "amorcellement" going on in France. Although when Mrs. Wynyate married she was supposed to have made rather a grand match, if it had not been for the honour of it, her husband might

as well have been without a foot of land. He was a good-natured, weak, self-indulgent man, "nobody's enemy but his own:" virtue was not amiable under his wife's stern aspect, and he took refuge in something a little more jovial at the "Marquis of Grandy" or the "Barley Mow." Disagreeable virtue has a good deal of harm to answer for of this kind in the world. Reckless and wasteful, the little chance there was of setting the property straight vanished under his hands, and one winter's night, after a drunken bout, he did not return. He was not discovered till morning, when he was found in a sort of quagmire; he had ridden round and round a field half through the night, for "there weren't ne'er a gate in it," he said. He never recovered the cold and exposure, rheumatic fever came on, and at not quite fifty he died, leaving his wife and six children, the youngest not six years old, to be provided for out of the land, weighed down as it was with debt. Amyas had lived almost entirely with his mother's brother, an old man with some money and a tanyard at the cathedral town near: a staunch Dissenter, in the days when dissent entailed an amount of petty persecution and annoyance which we have nearly forgotten. It was very real suffering for righteousness' sake, but sometimes, as in Amos King, it induced a certain manner of conscious virtue, of superior sanctity, which was trying to the nerves of the weaker vessels. He had set his heart upon Amyas becoming a "minister:" he was a readin' lad, "a pious youth," and would be "a shining light" in the communion. As time went on, however, his nephew's tender heart and rather fastidious taste revolted against certain parts of the creed and discipline; he was sticking at the doctrine of "reprobation," to his uncle's infinite distress, who was indeed as much horrified at the young man's daring to dissent from him, as the stoutest old canon in the close at his own nonconformity, and he complained in much the same sense, if not terms, at the "carnal self-sufficiency," the "wicked wilful blindness" which alone could produce such results. The right of private judgment was by no means an article of the Protestant faith (fifty years ago).

Poor Amyas was in a most painful state of perplexity and distress, when the knot was cut for him, by being suddenly summoned home on his father's death. There was no will or provision for the widow or her younger children, the property all came to him, and he found himself at three-and-twenty the head of the house, with the maintenance of a large family on his hands, and little but debt to support them. He knew

more of theology than of farming, but he did his best, poor fellow: he never married, for how could a second family be maintained? He had toiled day and night to keep things together and pay the interest, and now, after nine years, it seemed to him as if he had been "pouring water into a basket."

His mother was one of those stern, strong-willed women who go through life constantly worsted. She had never had the smallest influence with her husband or her only daughter, a beautiful self-willed girl, on whom she doated, perhaps the more for their not having a single quality in common. There is a slow power in fools, a strength in the weak, with which it is hopeless to contend. What impression can be made on water, which returns to its level again after the most convincing pressure?

A year after her father's death, when she was about eighteen, Letitia Wynyate had fallen in love with a man whom she had met at the neighbouring miller's, of whom her mother, with reason, thought very ill. After some furious scenes between the two, Letitia, who had never been crossed by either parent, went off to her friend's house, and was married from thence against her mother's most positive commands. Mrs. Wynyate never forgave it. Letitia made a sort of "offer" at friendship about two years after, but her mother's resentment was too deep: they once met, but it was coldly and stiffly. At the end of five years, however, peace was made in another way: Letitia died, leaving one child, whom she entreated her mother to take charge of, "or the poor thing would have nobody to look after her!" The implied slur on her husband mollified Mrs. Wynyate almost as much as the death itself, while the dreary feeling that she should never see her child again, and the thought of those long years of enforced silence, aged her ten years and more. But it did not soften her towards her granddaughter, she bore her a grudge, as if it had been the child's fault. She was very unlike her mother, and therefore Mrs. Wynyate determined that she reminded her of her father, and she "did her duty" to Lettie, which is of all things the most aggravating.

As the only representative of woman, however, in the house (no one could insult Mrs. Wynyate by considering her as belonging to the gentler sex), her four uncles, each in his own way, loved her and spoiled her, as is fit and proper for a little girl. Hers was a solitary little life in one sense; there were no children near to be had, but her playmates included the whole animal and

vegetable creation within the domain of the Wynyates. As she sat on the ground next morning, with her great hunch of bread in one hand, and the tin porringer, which uncle Job had filled with new milk as he passed with his pail into the dairy, the chickens flocked round her on the tenderest and most equal terms; the wheeling pigeons swooped within a foot of her head; the calves, the dogs, the horses, all seemed to treat her as a pet thing belonging to themselves. There was nothing about the place which disputed her supremacy but her grandmother and the old peacock, the most tyrannical and shrewish of his race, who led his hens a perfect life of it, and insulted Lettie whenever he met her.

She had finished her breakfast and was now standing, trying to hold out an olive-branch to this, after all, the least formidable of her enemies.

"Picoocks, picoocks, come and eat!" said she when her Uncle Job, on his road once more between the dairy and the cows, came up as the fierce bird made a snatch at her, and drove him away.

"Thee must na' ha' nought to do with that surly beast; do'st thou hearken me, Lettie?"

"I want for to make friends wi' him," said the child, trembling all over.

"There's some folk, the more you calls 'um the more they won't come," said Job, sententiously; "and now ye go to Dannel, as is tumbling the butter in the milk-house," added he, as he went about his work.

The child went on willingly to the dairy. Dannel was an old blind man who did the churning under Amyas' benevolent rule, and was her best playfellow when Edward was at school.

He was standing in deep thought with the handle in his hand.

"Well, 'tis queer," said the old man, "how the butter won't come nohow some days! I b'lieve 'tis bewitched. Lettie, you get me two twigs of the rowan bush: we'll make a cross and stop *that*, anyways."

"How is it the witches does it?" inquired the child when she had brought the desired charm.

"Well, I can't say. My old woman she had a sovereign cuddled away in a drawer, and it's gone and no one's been nigh the house; but she did see a hare a runnin' off that evenin', close to the skillen, and p'raps that were she — the witches turn themselves into hares, they do, by-times, like Mall Do,* yer know, and my missis she flung a poble-stone at her, and p'raps that's the rea-

* This remarkable zoological fact is chronicled on Mall Do's tombstone at Beaulieu.

son I'm so bad. I hets and burns and smerts all night, and my head he noises so that I be quite froghtened."

"Pr'aps you've a got the ague faver," said Mrs. Wynyate, looking in from the top of the stone steps to see how the butter was getting on.

"No, I've got no faver," answered the old man doggedly. "I've got that as won't let it be faver," he whispered to Lettie as her grandmother retired.

"What is it, Dannel?" replied the child, in a low voice.

"Nay, thou beens't old enow to understand," said the old man, importantly. "I got he from the wise woman." He had miscalculated Mrs. Wynyate's distance, however; she had only retired as far as the passage closet.

"Show it me, Dannel," said she imperiously, from her vantage ground.

"It ayn't lucky for to look at he," replied the old man peevishly; but she insisted, and at last, with a deep sigh, he pulled out a dirty little bag which she cruelly ripped open; it contained the charm on a bit of parchment.

"When Jesus Christ went to be cracife
He said I have both ague and faver,
If ye shall kip my commandments
Yer never shall have nayther"—

ran the rude rhyme.

"That'll do ye no good," said Mrs. Wynyate, dictatorially; she had no faith in any nostrums but her own. "I'll giv ye some boiled snails or some Good Friday bread."

"Madam allays has her own way, she's so stomachy* and high-minded," he said sadly to the child, who was doing her best to sew up the amulet again for him as before. "It'll have spoiled the vertue on it; but I sha'n't take the snails. She rubs me the wrong way o' the stuff like a cat, and it sets a body's back up, it do."

Mrs. Wynyate, busy as she was, took great pains in making the horrid decoction, but it was with the utmost satisfaction that he declared to Lettie, "'Twere an ugly handsel, and I just hulled it a' into the pig-wash."

That evening Ned came up to Lettie with the knobbed root, at the end of which, with his ever active knife, he had been shaping a kind of rude head.

"Here's a nice baby for you, Lettie," said he.

A child's imagination is so rich, so active, that it rather prefers a formless foundation on which it can build at its pleasure. It is

* "Whoso hath a proud look and high stomach,"—Psalm 101.

not the grand pink and white lady in gorgeous clothing and a string to open and shut its eyes, but the battered, wretched thing without arms or legs, who is pressed passionately to its tender mother's breast, and only taken away at bed-time with tears. It seems to be the same with all uncultivated minds. "The wonder-working images are not the *chef-d'œuvres* of Raphael, but the blackened pictures, the formless stones," says a great man. Diana of Ephesus, "the image fallen from heaven," was probably nothing but a lump of ironstone. Therefore when Ned wrapped the root in a red pocket-handkerchief of his own, and tied it with a string round what was by courtesy called its waist, Lettie, in a rapture of delight, took it at once to her heart, and it became to her a "baby," and the most valuable confidant of all her griefs and joys. Most things were wrong in Mrs. Wynyate's code. She was a very conscientious woman, but her creed and her disposition reacted on each other; her sorrows and her methodism combined to throw a dark veil over the world, in which all amusements were tabooed, and even "of laughter she said in her heart, it is mad." Lettie was too young to understand all this, but a sort of instinct made her keep her precious baby out of her grandmother's sight, and it was some time before the criminal was discovered. At last, however, one day off her guard, she came into the kitchen hugging and nursing her prize and singing lovingly to it.

"What's that horrid bundle?" said her grandmother, angrily. "I don't choose to have dolls in the house, don't you know that, Lettie? I shall burn the nasty thing." And she turned towards the fire, only stopping to save the handkerchief, and delayed by untying the curious knots in which it was tied before she carried out the sacrifice.

It is strange how entirely grown people forget the intense misery which children are capable of enduring; because of its short duration, that something else soon takes its place, men, and women too, laugh and talk of childish sorrows as "being nothing." They are as real as they are poignant, and a great deal more absolute than the pain which their elders endure: a child's horizon is so limited that it sees no issue to its woes, no hope, no remedy, no future—its sorrow as its joy absorbs its whole little being. When Lettie saw her beloved "baby" about to be cast into the flames, her horror was as great as that of the mother depicted in the "Judgment of Solomon," which hung upon the wall in

very gorgeous pink and yellow colouring. She stood in a sort of tearless agony with her hands clasped.

"Nay, mother," said Ted, with a smile, taking hold of her arm, "what harm can it do? Let the little mayd have her dollie!"

"I tell ye, I won't have her spoilt i' that fashion; it's dress and fine clothes and all them things that ruins the girls," said Mrs. Wynyate, vehemently, which was not quite in point, considering the attire and appearance of the monster.

"Mightn't she be buried?" said Lettice, in a low voice, as she watched the fate of her child trembling in the balance; "not burned; it wouldn't hurt her so much!"

At that moment Amyas came in at the kitchen door. "Why, what's the matter?" said he, struck by the exceedingly tragic appearance of the company.

"Mother wants to burn Lettice's dollie as I made for her. What hurt can it do for her to have one?" said Edward sulkily, while Lettice ran up and embraced her uncle's leg, as a deliverer of virtue in distress.

Amyas took the child up in his arms, pale with agitation. "Why, 'twould be like burning my little Lettice for me," said he, smiling. "I think Granny will spare it if we ask her," he added, turning kindly to his mother.

Lettice held out her arms for her rescued infant on this Solomon decision, and silently embraced her uncle and the hideous image with an equal passion of affection.

Mrs. Wynyate turned away without a word; her son had his own way by might of extreme gentleness and tenderness, and she rarely resisted his quiet fists.

That night, after every one was in bed but himself, Amyas came in from looking after a sick horse; it was very late, and the moonlight streamed into the house through the two great unshuttered mullioned windows, and threw broad paths of light across the pavement.

As he closed the door behind him he saw the child in her little white night-dress, her small bare feet gleaming on the stones, passing like a spirit noiselessly across the hall.

"Lettice," said he, lifting her up and taking her cold hands in his, "what are you doing, my little 'un, running about at this time o' night?"

"I was looking to see whether Mary was safe," she said, shyly.

"Who's Mary?" answered her uncle.

"Dollie, I mean," she said, with a blush. A child is very reticent in general about what she most cares for. "I put her in a box in the parlour, and I wanted to be

sure she was quite safe," she repeated, with a little nervous trembling all over her.

"This'll never do," muttered Amyas to himself; "she'll be down in a nervous fever next. Do you trust me, Lettice?" he said, turning her little face towards him in the moonlight.

The child's expression was the very ideal of faith.

"Then look, dear; I promise you that no harm shall happen to Mary: and now, little mayds make themselves ill if they run about o' this fashion in the night, and Lettice must promise when she goes to bed to lie still and sleep."

"I promise," said Lettice, religiously.

He carried her upstairs and put the little cold atom into his mother's bed.

"What's the matter?" said Mrs. Wynyate, rather crossly as she awoke, but Amyas was gone, only saying,—"I'll tell ye to-morrow; don't talk to her to-night, mother," as he left the room.

He never discussed, and the next morning all the explanation which she received was—

"We won't say any more about the child's pastime; just leave it, mother; I've promised that it shall take no hurt."

Amyas was a curious compound of strength and weakness. "You're so inconsistent," his mother often complained, which is pleasanter than saying we don't understand a character.

In Amyas the powers of reflection overbalanced the powers of action. He saw so many sides to a question that it often made him seem irresolute, or he suffered so much from seeing pain inflicted by some act of his own (far more, indeed, than the patient,) that he undid decisions which it had cost him much pain to arrive at. Somehow, in business matters, "il n'avait pas la main heureuse:" if he bought a cow she turned out a bad milker, his sheep had the foot-rot, his horses came to more grief than other men's—the "luck" always seemed against him, the tide turned while he was considering how to use it. His perceptions were very keen for all that concerned his affections: it did not answer to say or do anything before him under the idea that so apparently absent a man would not notice it; he saw and heard, by fits and starts, it is true, but sometimes very inconveniently—having never, however, seen his estate in any other condition, going nowhere so as to compare it with others; and without a sixpence to spend upon it, the luxuriant fences and the weedy fields, the tumbling barns and the unmended roads went on unchanged from year to

year, though he was up early and down late, while the toiling and the moiling seemed to bear no fruit but in the furrowing of his own cheeks and the premature whitening of his own head.

CHAPTER III.

FISHING IN THE HERON'S POOL.

THERE was a good deal of wood cut the next spring, and the sound of the axes resounded through the fields and woods. Amyas went daily round among the wood-cutters, secretly lamenting over each tree as it fell, with a feeling as if it had been a living thing. Lettice accompanied him whenever she could get away, insisting conscientiously on climbing each fallen trunk, and being jumped down at the highest end. Her uncle submitted with unwearied patience; indeed if he had not been so patient it would have been better for the farm. Every labourer on the estate knew that it was impossible to put the "Master" out; if a man was so old and infirm that no one else would employ him, that was a reason why Amyas kept him on; if a boy was too young to be of much use to the neighbouring farmers, and wanted work, Amyas found a place for him. It would have taken a large fortune to pursue farming on such principles.

The two went on their devious way: Amyas with his hands clasped behind him and his meditative look; Lettice springing about like a parched pea, scrambling up a hedge for a flower, poking into the bushes after a nest, and coming up to explain her prizes in words which tumbled over each other from their eager interest. He saw more than she did, in spite of those bright little eyes of hers.

"That's a night-jar a-making that noise. Look at those ants marching like a regiment of soldiers!"

Her grandmother generally, however, insisted on some abominable bit of hemming, some grievous button-holes, just at the critical moment. She did not approve of the saturnalia of enjoyment consequent on going out with uncle Amyas.

"Why, that hankercher's grimed with dirt, Lettice, it's been so long about! I suppose you'll have finished that bit o' knitting by the time you're forty. Little girls should take to their needle, Amyas; I won't have ye muddle away the child's time with such nonsense. What's night-jars to her? and she gets in such a mess. You'll learn her no end o' untidy ways."

"Why, ye keep her always as neat as a new pin, mother," said Amyas, smiling.

"There's no fears of slatterns in your house."

Mrs. Wynyate was a very conscientious woman: she would have cut off her hand and cast it into the fire for what she believed to be right; but then she would have done it also by any of her children, which is not exactly the same thing — inflicting martyrdom is not quite so meritorious as enduring it, as some people seem to think. She was at work from morning till night, never sparing herself in any toil or trouble; it was wonderful how one pair of hands got through so much. She laboured like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, and refused herself every indulgence and every pastime; but she had been brought up in the most rigid Methodist creed: she had an unfortunate temper, and it was aggravated instead of mended by her conviction that it was her duty to be stern. Discipline was much more thought of fifty years ago, — "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it out for him," as she put it, and the rod was therefore in constant requisition.

The Sabbath-day had always been a day of grief and wailing and gnashing of teeth to her children under her grim creed: but her sons had now pretty nearly grown beyond her power; she had almost come, indeed, to regard man as a stiff-necked creature from whom no result could be expected, but Lettice was a little girl whom it was her duty to mould, and it would be her fault if this small vessel of wrath was not rescued from reprobation. Sad was the sobbing, the putting in closets, the whipping over the stiff Methodist catechism, each point of doctrine proved by a string of texts, the chapter and verse given to each, and all to be learnt accurately; for Lettice, quick enough at her hymns, and who liked her chapter and her psalm, never could accomplish her "answers." Any concrete image may be seized by a child — it is very open to the beauty of melody and rhythm, but an abstract metaphysical proposition is to it a mere string of unintelligible words which might as well be in Greek, and terrible were these engines of oppression for children (fifty years ago).

"She can learn fast enough when she likes it," said her grandmother, in answer to Amyas's doubtful remonstrances. "I heerd her singing no end o' silly nonsense Ned had teacht her only the t'other day," which was true enough, *i. e.*, she could recollect when there was anything for her memory to take hold of; but this was beyond Mrs. Wynyate's comprehension, who honestly considered the child very naughty,

and punished her accordingly. One Sunday evening, her task still undone, the tearful Lettie took refuge with her book by her uncle, who was sitting meditatively in the orchard; but she was not attending, as she ought to have been doing, to "The other benefits that we receive with justification are adoption and regeneration,"—the milk for babes "of seven years and upwards," which she had to learn. As she sat on her three-legged "cricket" by Amyas's side her quick little eyes caught sight at one moment of a duck, followed by her brood, going down to the pond; at another the cooing of the pigeons in the high trees above their heads made her look up.

"Isn't it very wicked of the birds, uncle Amyas, doing same as they does upon week days, like that?" said she at last, feeling that her case was hard, and that if they were allowed to play she ought, at least, to have the comforts of self-righteousness, and pride of looking down on their evil ways.

Amyas was so modest a man that he always doubted his own judgment when opposed to others, and he had a beautiful respect for his mother, whom he really loved in spite of her sternness: moreover, he was too uncertain in his doubts as to the truth of her doctrines to formularise his opposition even to himself, and he was puzzled.

"Well, Lettie," he said at last, "these see'st God made 'um so, and, I suppose, He knew 'twas best. They can't sit still and read (not the birds), and p'raps He thinks they're praising him in their own way o' that fashion all the days of their lives, not only on the Sabbath-day; and that's best of all, thou knowest, Paul says."

Luckily, Lettie was not logical, or she might have asked, like a celebrated prelate of late, whether something of the same kind might not be said in behalf of the children. Some of the most cruel things in the world have been done by the most excellent people; mistakes, want of imagination, ignorance, inflict almost as much suffering as wickedness. The early inquisitors were most conscientious, benevolent men, only anxious for the souls of their victims; Luther directed that a child possessed by the devil should be drowned; Sir Matthew Hale burnt a witch, all upon the highest principles; and Mrs. Wynyate made Lettie's life miserable from the sincerest desire to do right by the little girl's soul. Still, when we undertake the part of Providence to a child, it is perhaps well to make quite sure we have done our best to enlighten ourselves as to what is and what is not desirable.

"Uncle Amos is dead sudden, and they

send word to bid me to the funeral, mother," said Amyas a day or two after.

"Dear heart, but 'tis a dreadful sudden take off; I trust he had assurance of his soul. I know he was ever one of the elect from his youth up," replied Mrs. Wynyate.

Fifteen miles in those days was such a gulf that they rarely had any intercourse with Amos King, who, besides, had given his nephew to understand that he considered him as little better than a castaway, one who had put his hand to the plough and taken it away again. In spite of this estrangement, however, it was a sad expedition to Amyas's affectionate nature: he felt as if he ought not to have left the old man so long without a sign, and it was with a sore heart that he prepared to ride over one evening, to return the next day after the ceremony.

Mrs. Wynyate was doubly busy in his absence, and Lettie had a sort of holiday. At the bottom of the orchard was a wild tangle of hawthorn and holly, a secluded place where the child used to take refuge when she was afraid of being seen in the farmyard. Ned, too, when he was at home from school, had his own operations there: he was a born sportsman, and every hedge-row at the Woodhouse being a miniature copse, there was a good deal of game about, none of which came amiss to him: rabbits, weasels, pike and eel fishing, rat-hunts in the big barn, "nests" of wild-fowl, on which Lettie reported progress with the utmost zeal.

It was the last day of his holidays, and a beautiful afternoon, when he came out to look for her, his mouth full of lines, both hands occupied with bait, and a landing-net over his shoulder. She was a pleasant little companion, and though he felt it to be a condescension on his part, he liked to have her with him.

There were some tall white lilies in the neglected bit of garden at the upper end of the orchard; they grew among the thorns and thistles and great dock-leaves, and looked almost more striking in their desolate beauty than set in trim borders. Lettie was sitting before them with her doll in her arms, talking and answering herself eagerly, quite unconscious that any one was near. A whole story seemed to be enacting:

"And the white ladies they say to me and baby, 'Little girl, take her up tight in your arms, and we'll go and dance with the king and the queen, and we fly up in the air so high over the tops of the trees' . . ."

"What are you doing, Lettie?" said the boy, coming up, laughing, behind her. "Who are you talking to? who are the

white ladies? Why, it sounds as if there were a dozen of ye!"

The little girl blushed deeply. Children have a curious horror of being laughed at.

"Who are the white ladies?" he repeated.

She pointed to the lilies; she did not like even so far to destroy the illusion as to name them.

"And what were they telling ye about the dance with the king and the queen?"

"You shouldn't laugh so, Uncle Ned," said she, indignantly, driven to bay; "you tell yourself tales at school; there's that one about the gentleman as went away in a ship and found the great bird and the diamonds, and the old man that sat upon his shoulders. What are diamonds, Uncle Ned?"

"No, we tell ourselves no tales except sometimes at dinner-time, and then we don't waste our time with rubbish stories about white ladies," said her uncle, in a grand and moral mood. "Now come down to the Heron's Pool: we'll set some night-lines," he added, making peace with this to him the most delightful occupation in the world.

It was a charming spot; the branches of the great oaks still left swept down close to the little gravelly shore; a heron stood contemplating life and the chance of a gudgeon on one leg at the upper end on a small spit of sand, and a dabchick was diving on the other side.

"May I go and paddle, Uncle Ted?" said Lettie, who was under strict orders never to go near the water by her little self, and for whom it therefore had a special attraction.

He was much too busy to reply, but he nodded his head; and Lettie, to her infinite delight, unproved, pulled off her shoes and stockings and walked slowly into the tiny stream which ran out at one end of the pool, and as she grew bolder into the lake itself. Presently, although she thought she was very careful, the tail of her frock dipped into the water behind, and she wrung it dry with much trouble: then the little white feet slipped upon a stone and the front fell into the mud, and the more she rubbed the worse the stains appeared; her grandmother's coming wrath grew terrible in her mind—the "you bad child" which was perpetually heard; but as she knew all sins were alike in the eyes of a certain Draconian impartial justice, she now became reckless in her crimes, for the frock was past all hope of concealment. At last she spied a coot's nest, and creeping under the boughs she crawled along a

half-dead willow-trunk which stuck far out into the water, and was just stretching out her hand to take out one of the eggs, when, to her horror, she saw her grandmother, who hardly ever left the immediate precincts of the house, coming along the road. She had been to look after a "cade lamb" in Amyas's absence; she now saw her own suspended in the air, and called out in a wrathful voice,—

"Lettie, what are you doing there? Come back directly!"

The child turned in terror, lost her hold on the slippery green moss, and tumbled into the deep water with a cry. Edward, who was close at hand, sprang up at the sound, and had plunged in and brought her to land almost before she sank. As he carried her home, dripping like himself from head to foot, Mrs. Wynyate, excessively angry with them both, followed behind, reproaching him with such effect, that whereas at first he had been both pained and penitent for what had happened, by the time they reached the house he was in as furious a state as his mother.

"Danger! not a bit of it: the water wasn't up to my waist," he repeated. He was in an amphibious state of discipline between home and school, which made her cling the more to her waning authority. As for Lettie, she had torn and dirtied her frock and narrowly escaped drowning, two almost equally unpardonable offences in her grandmother's eyes. Even Amyas could not have saved her this time had he reached home; she was whipped and put to bed, after which operation Mrs. Wynyate followed Ned, who had gone up to his own garret to change his wet clothes, and stood fiercely scolding over him all the time. He answered in her own tone, and she suddenly locked the door and left him supperless for the evening.

A little time afterwards, Amyas, coming in sadly from his uncle's funeral, found Lettie sobbing in an agony of fright and repentance upstairs, while Ned, who had climbed out of the window of his garret prison, and let himself down by the old pear-tree against the wall, at the risk of his neck, was marching up and down the room with her, fuming at the injustice and absurdity of his mother's punishments.

"As if I couldn't get out of that room easy enough! and as for Lettie, she'd never have fallen in a bit if it hadn't been for mother calling of her in a voice as would have frightened the dead! She blared at the little mayd like a polecat. I was close by—there wasn't no danger—where was the harm? She were with me fishing;

where could she be better, I'd like to know? And who's a right to fish (you letting of me) sooner nor me, I wonder?" cried Ned, passionately.

Injustice has generally a different effect on boys and girls: a little girl's conscience is much more active; the sense of justice is much stronger in a boy. Lettie was overwhelmed with grief at her own wickedness in being nearly drowned, Ned was furious at the idea of punishing a misfortune, brought on, as he believed, by the judge herself.

"It's mother as ought to be beat! I'll tell ye what, Amyas, I won't stand it any longer; I've been thinking of it this age. I'll go out somewhere, into a trade or summat. I'll not stay any more, and be sat upon by my mother rampaging about like anything: I'm a man now, I'm a'most sixteen!"

Lettie's tears fell faster at these terrible threats. Amyas was silent.

"We'll talk of it all to-morrow, Ned," he said at last, quietly. "If you're a man you should behave as one, and not speak as you did to mother but now. You'd best perhaps go to bed now; I'll fetch the key and your supper up here. Quiet the little one a bit," he whispered kindly, as he went out; "see, she's like to go into a fit she's so flustered, and be thankful, my boy: we should have been bad off if aught had befallen her." Ned's under lip had begun to quiver, and it was evident that if it had not been for his manhood the hardened sinner would, by this time, have burst out crying.

Amyas found his mother sternly preparing supper, with a pretence to herself that all was right upstairs, and that her conduct had been most judicious.

"And now ye tell me about yer uncle," said she as he took the basin of bread-and-milk which she offered him and turned to carry it up stairs. "I warn yer, Amyas, it's just flying in the face of Providence" (whatever that curious process may be). "for you to give them children their own way i' that fashion."

"Dear mother," he answered quietly, as he went out, "they're not having their own way: Ned is going to bed with a sore heart, and the little 'un's frightened half out o' her wits; they'll not do it again anyhow."

The two culprits fed together in silence, Lettie hardly touching the food, and the boy went off to bed.

"And now, my little 'un, what's that pretty hymn-carol you says: 'It was not down to housen gay, that Christ a child came for to stay,'" said Amyas, looking at the small flushed, tear-stained face.

The child knelt up, looking like an infant Samuel, laid her head tenderly against

him, and repeated the half-charm, half-prayer.

"And now my little Lettie's going to sleep, God bless her, and all will be right to-morrow!" And under the shadow of his wing she lay down to rest.

"Uncle Amyas, are you there?" she started up once or twice to say; but he was still standing at the window, waiting patiently till she was asleep, and looking out at the deepening twilight. He had had a trying day, and would have been glad of a quiet evening; and here on his return he found that in the course of her one day's driving, his mother had contrived to upset the coach: a painful proof, which he could have dispensed with, that he was master in his own household. And then his thoughts went back to the scene at his uncle's funeral: when the will was opened after their return from the churchyard, it was found, to his astonishment, that the old man, who had quarrelled with his daughter and her husband, had left Amyas all his property. He had immediately taken steps to transfer the whole to his unlucky cousin, who scarcely thanked him, but observed coldly that "so far as she could see he had only done his duty like as everybody ought to do." And Amyas was quite of the same mind, and thought also that such a self-evident thing as one's duty was the only one possible and required no thanks.

It was not the property that now was in his mind: he was thinking regretfully that he should never see the old man again. "And I could have asked him help find a place for Ned," said he to himself. He was not so alarmed about the wickedness of the world as his mother, but the boy was full young yet to be sent out to fare for himself, and he began to inquire whether he were not himself to blame in the management of the lad: it somehow never seemed to occur to him to find fault with anybody but himself. A very tender conscience becomes occasionally an unconscionable tyrant.

"And you haven't telled me anything yet about Amos!" said his mother, when he came down stairs. "And how did he die? and how were it with his soul, taken off so sudden? And about his will, what have he a done with all that nice little bit o' property as he owned?" she went on, somewhat glad to escape out of the "ignorant present" of the concerns about her.

And Amyas told her everything excepting the important part of his day's work, and the change he had made in the will. What was the use of discussing the matter?

"I did think as he'd a left you or me summat out o' all that money," said Mrs.

Wynate, somewhat discontentedly, "and his daughter marrying to disoblige her family."

"Surely, mother, it's his own child a man should leave his fortune to, if he's got one," replied Amyas, quietly, as he went off to bed. "And Susan have a sent you the old cuckoo-clock as were your father's, you know, as a keepsake."

"Well, and I shall be glad for to see its old face again, and hear the chime. I mind that cuckoo singing that way ever sin I were a child — eh, what a many years ago!" said Mrs. Wynate, with unwonted feeling. And Amyas did not mention that when he had asked for this little waif out of the property which he had given up, as a recollection for his mother, Mrs. Susan had demurred at parting with it, and had only finally yielded because, as she said, "after all, we've got a better one at home, and it loses so as I don't know as we've any use for it in the kitchen here." Amyas was a perfect non-conductor for all cross words or unkind actions: they all died a natural death and were buried when they reached him.

The next morning Ned was firm in his fancy to leave home, and Amyas could not but agree, though it went to his heart to part with the boy. He could not afford to keep him longer at school, and there was no room for him in the Wynate household, where the feud between him and his mother was always smouldering. She expected the submission of a child from the great lad, where her efforts of strong-willed, impotent authority were always made without the hope that the master of the house would stand by her in her unreasonable claims. She had attempted the same with her husband about the public-house, and with her daughter about her acquaintance and her marriage, never considering the use of laying down positive commands which she had no power to enforce. As with many other people, there was a confusion in her thoughts between her own will and the will of heaven: she had an unfortunate temper, and she often could not distinguish between its decrees and those of Providence; her own opinion and abstract right were honestly the same in her eyes, and there is evidently positive impiety in viewing a thing or acting differently from abstract right.

"So young Ned's a-goin' to leave us! I thowt as it weren't for nowt as I heerd the old ash-tree a-groanin' by our door last night," said the old blind man next day, when the great event was announced to him. "I beant sure as it isn't quite right; he's the littles on 'um, but he's ever been

the most rumbustical: and when childer takes to their ranties, seems as if we'd no call for to kip 'um at home any more. So dunnot ye cry, my little mayd, he'll do well enough. If they can't be comf'able in their nestes at home, my old woman used allays for to zay zays she, 'Why, let 'um goo; they must jist fight along like as we did afore 'um.' 'Tis like the birds: when they're big enough they just flies away from the old 'uns, and it's a chance they never sees 'um again, or else how ever could there be folk enough out in the wide world for to make all things goo?"

"But what shall I do without him, Daniel?" said the tender-hearted Lettie, not at all consoled by this philosophic view of the demands of humanity upon man. She looked very pale and shaken with the performances of the day before.

"He'll come back fast enough, child: an he's ailing or sorrowful, the old place will look fair in his eyes when he's a long way off, and 'twill have long strings to his heart for to pull it back. Don't ye be afraid, poor dear heart, he'll rub along."

CHAPTER IV.

LETTIE'S SCHOOLMASTERS.

AMYAS had so few ties with the outer world that it was with great difficulty a small place as clerk, without any salary, was at length found for Edward at a little seaport town some twenty miles away.

The boy's courage rather failed when he found himself committed to leaving home, but his dignity held him up, and when the time at last arrived, he went off apparently undismayed, and of good courage. Amyas was, indeed, the most distressed of the two, which gave the lad a reason for heroism and a feeling of dignity as the strong man of the family.

"Don't cry!" said he, majestically, to Lettie, who hung round him, drowned in tears, as if he had been going to the antipodes. "I dare say you'll all do pretty well in a short time, little 'un, without me. You'll get over it, Lettie, in a little while," he repeated; "and mind yer don't forget the terrier pups: they're to be ready afore I come home again for rabbiting, you'll recollect?" And as he drove off in the taxed-cart to join the coach, he called out once more to his sorrowing relatives, "You'll not forget the pups!"

The boy, indeed, would have been shocked to see how well everything went on at the Woodhouse after his important departure. Lettie's tender little heart never quite forgot him, and in her solitary plays "Uncle

Edward" always enacted the part in her mind of all the heroes and good knights and genii; else all was as before. Her chief playfellow now was the old blind man.

One bright beautiful day that autumn there was high feast and festival going on in the great orchard behind the house, for the cider-press had come up, and everybody about the farm had come in to help. The apple-trees, large and spreading, covered with the weird grey moss which clothes the branches in that soft damp climate with a sort of hoary hair, were hung with red and golden fruit and looked very idyllic. It was a prolific year, and the boughs were so laden that they would have broken under the weight of apples if they had not been propped up. Great baskets stood about in all directions to receive them; and a good deal of rude jollity was going on in this English vintage. The men were perched in the higher branches, and the women stood below catching the fruit, collecting it on the ground, picking out the decayed apples, and emptying the others into the insatiable maw of the rude cider-press, which turned with a harsh creaking, grating noise, pressing out the juice into pails on one side, while the most imperfectly crushed apples were carried off on the other for the pigs.

"It's pretty late: you go and fetch Dannel home from the cider-wring; he's tired, and you too," said her uncle, smiling at Lettice, who had been running out all day, assisting greatly, as she considered, in all the processes.

"We've pretty nigh done now," said the old man, wearily, as she steered him carefully up among the piles of fruit. "He's a beautiful man, yer uncle, he is. I'm terrible much obliged to he. Madame Wynyate's trimming comikle in her temper, contrary like, and I should just ha' toddled away years ago if it weren't along o' he: I knows that well enough."

"But you do a greatish deal, Dannel, up and down," said the child, as he stumbled among the apples.

"Well," answered the old man, with some pride, "I'm tottery, and creaky, and wheezy, but I can twiddle about after summat as well as most on 'um, and I'm none for wasting my time as the young 'uns is. There ain't narrer an orchat anywhere as this 'un; and that ratheripe* allays do bear such a wonderful deal o' his† fruit," he said, looking about with the curious affectation

of being able to see common among the blind. "The moon's at the full to-night, an' they'll well-nigh finish wi' the cider, I take it, with the help o' she."

"Them marks on her face looks so plain," mused Lettice. "What is they, Dannel?"

"That's the man as stole a nitch o' wood o' the Sabbath-day," replied he, "and he were sot up there for a warnin' to them as wants it—I don't. Yer granny allays thinks ill o' folk; she takes 'um by the wrong end, she do," muttered he, his wrongs rankling in his mind as they approached the house, and he heard Mrs. Wynyate's voice stern and sad.

"So yer uncle left yer the money after all, and not to Susan a bit," she was saying, rather reproachfully, to Amyas. "I've just a heard it from the man wi' the cider-wring, and he heerd it over at Wallcott's when he were there. Wallcott laughed, he did, and said how could ye be so soft, and pressed for money so bad?"

"Susan were poor and wanted it," replied Amyas, in an apologetic tone.

"And who was poor and wanted it here, I'd like to know?" grumbled his mother, as she went off to the cider. She was proud of his conduct for all this, though upon principle she spoke (and at great length too), when things were wrong, but kept silence when they were right, which is a depressing and dispiriting way of conducting life.

"There, that's just him and her all over," continued the old man. "I mind one day when Norton Lisle were a-comin' after yer mother. . . . What's come o' your father?" he said, suddenly turning to the child.

"My father!" cried the little girl, surprised. No one ever mentioned him, and he had quite died out of her little life; but the word recalled old times in her childish recollections of something painful, though she could not have told what they were.

"Yea, he ayn't much of a one for to boast on, but he is thy father anyhow, and thou oughtest not to be kep from knowin' o' him, as I take it they does by thee," the old man went on with some glee. "I likes to rip up a mystery," he mumbled to himself, "and 'twill vex madam."

"Why doesn't he come here?" asked the little girl in an awe-struck whisper.

"I take it thy grandmother couldn't abide he, and then he's a deal up and down adoin' what he likes, and he have just adroppen thee into anither's nest like a cuckoo, and goes about the world free like, wi'out incumbrances. I heerd on him last down at Southport, sailin' for furrin' parts,

* "Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies."
— *Lycidas*.

† "If the salt have lost (his) savour."—"Its" does not occur once in our translation of the Bible, and only three times in Shakspeare.

Australia or 'Merikee, or some o' them. P'raps he mayn't come back agin at all, who knows? But don't yer tell madam as I talked on him," said he, as they entered the house.

Amyas's fortunes seemed now to improve a little. There was a further fall of timber that winter, the price of wheat rose, as did that of bark, and he was able to tide over some of his difficulties, for a time at least.

He began to look a little after Lettice's education, and she learnt more of the three R's than Mrs. Wynyate at all approved of.

"As for reading, there isn't much use, as I see, for more o' that than 'll do the Catechism;" and as for arithmetic, anything beyond what was required to calculate the pounds of butter was sheer robbery of the dairy. Still, Lettice was quick at learning, and got on in spite of her grandmother's warnings of all sorts of evil connected with knowledge, ever since the days of grandmother Eve.

A considerable part of one's education, however, is that which nobody has given or is answerable for: the accidental inferences, the chance ideas, which are sown like seeds before the wind, and bear fruit, no one knows how or whence.

The old "dark" man was exceedingly fond of her, but, with the love of power so common among the blind, he exercised it somewhat despotically.

"And what d'ye hear o' yer uncle?" he would say, importantly. "I'm in hopes as he's got plenty to do, and does it, not all along like yer father. What is it yer little hymn says?—'And Satan finds some mischief still for idle folk.' And, I take it, the Devil's always uncommon handy for to tempt them as holds out their hands to him. Ye know he's like a ragin' lion up and down the world."

"Was he ever seen lately, d'ye think, Dannel?" whispered Lettice, almost too frightened to put her query.

"Bless ye, child, yes! Lambourne seed he as plain as the church tower at the turn in the Deep Lane, like a calf wi' saucer eyes, and I heerd o' one as had a sore struggle wi' him for's soul, dying down at Fordingdean."

Pleased with the effect he produced, the old man's stories grew more and more dreadful, and his accounts of the real presence of the Evil One began to take possession of the young girl's imagination. One night, as she was preparing for her little evening devotions, it seemed to her as if "he" was himself present in bodily form in the room, to prevent her from uttering her prayer. St. Agnes herself could hardly

have seemed a more unlikely subject for the assaults of the fiend than the young girl, standing trembling in the shadow of the still moonlight, and looking the very emblem of purity, in her white night dress. The wide old latticed window had been partially walled up to save the tax, and the single high upright stone mullion which remained, with its horizontal bar, threw the shadow of a cross on the floor and over her little bed, as she had often liked to see. At length, though in a paroxysm of terror, she knelt down close by it as a sort of protection and pronounced the holy words in his despite, and then, taking her Bible in her hand—the recognized amulet against the power of the Devil—she turned with desperate courage to face and confound him. To her infinite amazement and relief there was no one to be seen. He was not there!

From that time she began to doubt whether there might not be a little mistake, and whether Satan was in the habit of walking into people's houses, in this familiar way, at the present time, whatever might have been the case in former days. Her scepticism did not reach further, for was there not a formidable picture of the Witch of Endor in the folio Bible, which she had always turned over in an agony of dread lest the horrid image should haunt her dreams, though; Eve like, having once "peeped" at it, her caution was of little use.

Sometime after she was sitting by her uncle as usual on the Sunday evening, as she dearly loved to do, when the whole world seemed at rest, and he had time for "discourse." It was still broad sunshine, and warm, which disposes to courage; and private, which disposes to confidence.

"Uncle Amyas," said she, suddenly, "did you ever see the Devil your own self?"

"No, child," he answered, laughing (and a great comfort the laugh was to her mind), "nor any one else that I know of. Are ye afraid of meeting him some day out walking?"

"But, uncle Amyas," said she, evading the home thrust, "ye know it's said about his coming roaring to Bunyan, and how he was always hearing of him calling out all manner of temptations, and many folk have seen him too in the books, or how should they ha' told how he was made, ye know? Them horns and his tail, ye know. Somebody must have seen him sometime." The *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Bunyan's Life* were almost her only reading beside the Bible.

"Well, my little 'un," answered Amyas,

slowly, "for a' that I don't believe that he's seen. Evil temptations is strong enow in our own hearts in a' conscience, and p'raps they thinks of him till they believe they sees him wi' their own eyes. I can't say; but I take it, even if the Devil is as they tell on, that he's felt, not seen. No; I don't believe in him one bit," he went on with sudden energy; "t'would be a good God and an evil God if he's so strong and powerful as all that. Don't thee mind in Job how Satan's just sent out like one of the other angels—that's a very different concern. Don't ye be frightened that way, my little mayd. Ye needn't be afraid o' him nor any other 'bugs;' God is about us in all our ways, both to will and to do; not that other one."

Lettie was trying to prove the worth of her convictions in real life. Her grandmother's teaching had borne its fruit: she honestly believed in her own exceeding wickedness, over which, by fits and starts, she lamented herself with most sincere sor-

row. A curious feeling of unreality about it sometimes came over her, but she put it from her with horror, and only esteemed it a fresh proof of her "parlous state." An odd volume of *Fox's Book of Martyrs* had got into the house, together with a dozen cotton umbrellas and a pile of manuscript violin music—effects from a bad debt (somehow Amyas often had bad debts)—and the stories of their sufferings had a grim attraction for her imagination. One night, as she sat in the window reading and considering whether she could have suffered for her faith like Latimer, or like Faithful in Vanity Fair—the one was to her as real an historical event as the other—she put her finger close to the candle to try. She held it manfully for a second or two, but snatched it away when it began to sting, and she cried bitterly afterwards as she bewailed her extreme sinfulness, proved thus by this searching test. She was carrying out her little experiments in philosophy and religion like greater folk.

SEEING IS DECEIVING. Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures—

SSSSX XXXZZZZ33338888

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a *very little* smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size. Now turn the page upside down, and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half. It will be seen from this that there is a tendency in the eye to enlarge the upper part of any object upon which it looks. We might draw two circles of unequal size, and so place them that they should appear equal.

Once a Week.

The History of France. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Vol. V. (Longmans.)

MR. CROWE completes in this volume a work on which he has bestowed a great amount of conscientious labour, and which will doubtless possess a permanent value. We doubt, indeed, whether, with the sources of information that are now open, it is possible for any man to perform such a task satisfactorily as writing the whole history of a great country like France. Mr. Crowe, for instance, gives to the description of the battle of Austerlitz less than a page, to that of Waterloo little more than two. It is manifest that this method of writing history admits neither of completeness nor of brilliancy. It is not possible within such limits either to discuss or to describe. Those who have once enjoyed Macaulay, Motley, or Froude will never be satisfied with anything so meagre.

Spectator.

The Origin of the Four Gospels. By Constantine Tischendorf. (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.)

MR. W. L. GAGE translates from the latest edition of Professor Tischendorf's work, and this, we are given to understand, has been revised and enlarged. Orthodoxy has no more able defender in Germany or, indeed, in Christendom than the writer; we have little more to do than to chronicle the appearance of his work in a form which renders it available for the English reader. Herr Tischendorf thinks that the canon (receiving the four gospels substantially as we have them now, and excluding what are called Apocryphal) was settled at the end of the first century, or, at the least, in the first years of the second. He here states exhaustively the arguments by which this view may be supported. Readers who may be professionally or otherwise interested in the subject cannot do better than consult this volume.

Spectator.

The Shilling Shakespeare. Routledge.

THIS is, probably, the cheapest book ever published, intended, of course, to pay. It might, we fancy, challenge comparison even with the books which the religious societies print at a loss, with the cheap Bibles, for instance, or the *Pilgrim's Progress* at a penny. The type is wonderfully clear, better, to give a familiar example, than that of the Bibles commonly known as "Polyglott." That we should like to read much of it is more than we can honestly say; but those who are obliged to read a multitude of books cannot help being fastidious. There are numbers of people, more happily situated, to whom the publication of this volume will be a great boon. We heartily wish the enterprise of Messrs. Routledge, which, we fancy, more than rivals any thing Transatlantic, may meet with the success which it deserves.

Spectator.

From Good Words.

A CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

I BELIEVE in dreams of duty,
Warnings where they can't control,
Fragments of the glorious beauty
That once filled th' unfaill'n soul :
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin did in the sinner leave
That may still regain the stature
It hath fall'n from — I believe.

I believe in human kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken :
In the gentleness that slowly
Sanctions what would others grieve,
In the trust that deep and holy,
Hopeth all things — I believe.

I believe in self-denial,
And its secret throb of joy :
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy :
In those fond and full believings
That, though all the world deceive,
Will not let its dark deceptions
Wake suspicion — I believe.

I believe in man's affection
Tender, true, unselfish, high,
Infancy's almost perfection,
And in woman's purity :
In his lofty soul-sustaining
That can to one purpose cleave,
In her gentle uncomplaining
Peace and patience — I believe.

I believe in self-devotion,
The long sacrifice of years,
Noblest fruits of deep emotion,
Man's blood-shedding, woman's tears :
In the pure prevailing passion
Human hearts by God conceive,
And, despite the world's cold fashion,
Live and die for — I believe.

I believe in human weakness
Trying to be strong and true,
Owning its impassion'd meekness
What it would, but could not do :
In its consciousness of failing,
Which the less it doth perceive,
Doth the more leave unavailing
All its efforts — I believe.

I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day :
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection — I believe.

I believe in Love Eternal
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that's deeper still :
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear, and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph — I believe.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

AT PEACE.

'Tis twilight ! the murmurous voices
Of maidens that stroll with their lovers
Beneath the dark ilexes' shadows
Come faint to my ear.

No cloud in the faint azure heaven
Is floating — the moon in its fulness
Looks down with a mild face of pity,
And night holds its breath.

Innumerable under the grasses
The crickets are ceaselessly chirping,
Above them the luccioli lighten,
And all is at peace !

At peace ! ay, the peace of the desert —
The silence, the deep desolation,
That comes when the blast has swept o'er us
And buried our hopes.

At peace ! when the music that thrilled us,
The hand that its harmonies awakened,
The voice that was soul to the singing,
Alike are at rest.

At peace ! ay, the peace of the ocean,
When past is the storm where we foundered,
And eager and breathless the morning
Looks over the waste.

From Good Words.

AT THE WINDOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

ONLY to listen — listen and wait
For his slow firm step down the gravel walk,
To hear the click-click of his hand at the gate
And feel every heart-beat through careless
talk :

Ah, love is sweet when life is young !
And life and love are both so long.

Only to watch him about the room,
Lighting it up with his quiet smile,
That seems to lift the world out of gloom,
And bring heaven nearer me — for a while,
A little while — since love is young,
And life is beautiful as long.

Only to love him — nothing more;
 Never a thought of his loving me :
 Proud of him, glad in him, though he bore
 My heart to shipwreck on this smooth sea.
 Love's faith sees only grief, not wrong,
 And life is daring when 'tis young.

Ah me ! what matter ? The world goes round,
 And bliss and bale are but outside things :
 I never can lose what in him I found,
 Though love be sorrow with half-grown wings ;
 And if love flies when we are young,
 Why, life is still not long — not long.

And heaven is kind to the faithful heart ;
 And if we are patient, and brave, and calm ;
 Our fruits will last though our flowers depart :
 Some day, when I sleep with folded palm,
 No longer fair, no longer young,
 Life may not seem so bitter long.

The tears dried up in her shining eyes,
 Her parted lips took a saintly peace ;—
 His shadow across the doorway lies :—
 Will her doubts gather, darken, or — cease ?
 — When hearts are pure, and bold, and strong,
 True love as life itself is long.

THERE is a rumour that Mr. Carlyle is engaged upon a life of George III., of whom he proposes to make a hero. It is impossible to say what Mr. Carlyle may not do, but we sincerely trust that there is no foundation for the report. Indeed, when one thinks of the great genius who wrote the history of the French Revolution, who interpreted Cromwell for us, who first acquainted his countrymen with the spirit of modern German literature, and then of the sham political prophet who put slavery into a nutshell and afterwards shot Niagara, one is disposed to think that after a certain age no man whose reputation is valuable to his country should be permitted to write. We hope Mr. Carlyle will let the poor, dull old king alone, if there is anything in the rumour beyond the suggestion of a feeble satirist.

London Review.

WE are soon to have a "Life and Uncollected Works of Daniel Defoe," which will include a large number of essays, pamphlets, and other writings never before published. The discoverer and collector of these treasures is a Mr. Lee, who has for some years devoted himself to a praiseworthy task.

THE gentlemen who carry medicine-chests with them when they take a Saturday-to-Monday holiday, and the ladies who have always with them bags filled with the most wonderfully occult safeguards against impossible dangers, ought to add to their stores a quantity of carbolic acid. This acid, says the *Homeward Mail*, has been found to be a specific cure in cases of snake-bites. It would repay any lady or gentleman for carrying a bottle of carbolic acid for twenty years, if, at the end of twenty years, the acid saved her or his life. Supposing no snake ever came near, the sense of security is almost worth the trouble. Gentlemen who never sat on the back of a horse, and who are very unlikely to try any such feat, are fond of carrying about with them an instrument for picking stones out of a horse's hoof: why should they not have a phial of carbolic acid always in their waistcoat-pocket?

MR. LONGFELLOW is at present residing on the borders of the Lake of Como. It is to be hoped that his stay in Europe will furnish him with matter for some eloquent and enduring poem.

THE winter season of the London theatres will commence shortly, and we are promised several novelties. Chief of these, of course, is Lord Lytton's play, which is now in preparation at the Lyceum. "The Rightful Heir" is the title which is now fixed upon. Then there is Mr. Halliday's adaptation of the "Fortunes of Nigel," with which Mr. Chatterton hopes to fill Drury Lane. Dr. Westland Marston will contribute another drama to the list of Haymarket pieces. Instead of, or along with, the burlesque advertised to follow "Blow for Blow" at the Holborn, we are to have a drama by Watts Phillips. Now, it was bad enough to devote such a pretty and convenient theatre as the Holborn to the production of still another burlesque, but Mr. Watts Phillips — !

It has just been decided in Paris that the editor of a periodical cannot, without the consent of the contributor, cut out any portion of an article published under the signature of the author. The editor must either throw out the whole article, or gain the consent of the writer to his corrections, or publish the document entire, with all its suggestions of libel, foggy grammar, and violent partisanship staring him in the face. Fortunately, French journals are, as a rule, in no hurry about the publication of articles which comment on news; but here in England an editor would have plenty to do were he bound to gain the acquiescence of the contributor to the striking out of every awkward or compromising sentence.

WE cut the following announcement from the *Times*:—"On the 19th Sept., at the Greek Eastern Church, London-wall, by the Rev. Narcissus Morphinos, Habeeb Risk Allah Bey, of 1, Hyde-park-terrace, to Mrs. Wogan, of Great Malvern. No cards."

MADAME THÉRÈSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

I.

WE were living in profound peace in the village of Anstatt, in the midst of the German Vosges, — my uncle, Dr. Jacob Wagner, his old servant Lisbeth, and myself. After the death of his sister Christine, Uncle Jacob had taken me to live with him. I was nearly ten years old. I was rosy, fair, and fresh as a cherub. I wore a cotton cap, a little brown velvet jacket made out of an old pair of my uncle's small-clothes, trousers of grey cloth, and woollen shoes ornamented on the top with a tuft of wool. In the village I was called Little Fritz; and every evening, when he returned from his round of visits, Uncle Jacob took me on his knee and taught me to read French in *Monsieur de Buffon's Natural History*.

It seems to me as if I were still in our low room, its ceiling barred with smoky beams. I see, on the left, the little door leading to the passage-way, and the oaken wardrobe; on the right, the alcove shut off by a curtain of green serge; in the back part of the room, the entrance to the kitchen near the cast-iron stove, with its large mouldings representing the twelve months of the year, — the Stag, the Fishes, Capricorn, Aquarius, &c., — and on the side toward the street, the two little windows, which looked out through vine leaves upon the square of the fountain.

I see Uncle Jacob too; slender, with a high forehead crowned by beautiful light hair which gracefully outlines his broad temples; his slightly aquiline nose, his blue eyes, his rounded chin, and his tender and good mouth. He wears small-clothes of black satin, a sky-blue coat with brass buttons, and soft boots with bright yellow tops and silk tassels in front. Seated in his leather arm-chair, his arms upon the table, he reads, and the sun makes the shadow of the vine leaves tremble over his face, which is somewhat long, and tanned by the open air.

He was a man of sentiment, a lover of

peace; he was approaching his fortieth year, and was considered the best physician in the country. I have known since that time that he took pleasure in forming theories of universal fraternity, and that the parcels of books occasionally brought to him by the carrier, Fritz, related to that important subject.

All this I see, without forgetting our Lisbeth, a good old woman, smiling and wrinkled, in a short jacket and a petticoat of blue cloth, who sits spinning in one corner; or the cat Roller, who dreams as she sits on her tail behind the stove, her great yellow eyes open in the shade like an owl's. It seems as if I only have to pass through the entry to slip into the fruit room with its good smell, — that I have only to climb the wooden stairs out of the kitchen to find myself in my own room, where I let loose the titmice that little Hans Aden, the son of the shoemaker, and I had caught with birdlime. Some of these were green and some were blue. Little Eliza Meyer, the daughter of the burgomaster, often came to see them and to ask me for some of them; and when Hans Aden, Ludwig, Franz Sepel, Karl Stenger, and I drove our cows and goats to pasture together, she always took hold of my jacket and said, "Fritzel, let me drive your cow; don't send me off." And I gave her my whip. We were going to make a fire on the turf and roast potatoes in the cinders.

Oh, happy days! How calm and peaceful everything was around us! How regularly everything went on! — never the least disturbance. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, all the days of the week, followed each other exactly alike.

Every day we got up at the same hour, dressed ourselves, and sat down to the good meat soup prepared by Lisbeth. My uncle set off on horseback, and I made traps and snares for thrushes, sparrows, or linets, according to the season.

At noon we returned home; we ate bacon cooked with cabbage and dumplings.

Then I went to the pasture to see about my snares, or to bathe in the Queich when the weather was warm.

In the evening I had a good appetite, and so had my uncle and Lisbeth too; and at table we thanked the Lord for his favors.

Every day, toward the end of supper, when the twilight began to spread through the room, a heavy step came along the alley, the door was opened, and upon the threshold appeared a stocky, square-built, broad-shouldered man, wearing a large felt hat, who said:—

“Good-evening, doctor!”

“Sit down, mole-catcher,” replied my uncle. “Lisbeth, open the kitchen door.”

Lisbeth pushed back the door, and the red flame dancing upon the hearth showed us the mole-catcher in front of our table examining with his little grey eyes what we were eating. He had the very look of a field-rat, with his long nose, his small mouth, a retreating chin, pointed ears, and four long hairs of yellow tufted moustache. His old coat of grey cloth scarcely reached below his back, his large red waistcoat with deep pockets hung loosely over his thighs and his enormous shoes, all yellow with soil, had great shining nails, like claws, on the vamps quite to the tops of the thick soles.

The mole-catcher was perhaps fifty years old; his hair was growing grey, deep wrinkles furrowed his reddish forehead, and white eyebrows with a mingling of yellow fell over even the balls of his eyes.

He might be seen constantly in the fields engaged in setting his traps, or at the gate of his bee-garden amid the heather, half way up the Birkenwald, with his mask of iron wire, his large cloth mufflers, and his great sharp spoon for taking the honey from the hives. At the end of autumn he left the village for a month with his wallet hung across his shoulders; on one side a great pot of honey and on the other cakes of yellow wax, which he sold to the priests in the neighbourhood to make wax candles. Such was the mole-catcher. After having thoroughly looked at the table, he said,—

“There, that is cheese! There, those are nuts!”

“Yes,” replied my uncle; “at your service.”

“Thank you. I had rather smoke a pipe now.”

Then he drew from his pocket a black pipe ornamented with a copper cover with a little chain. He carefully filled it, looking round all the time, and then went into the kitchen, took up a coal in the hollow of his callous hand, and laid it on the tobacco. I

think I still see him, with his rat-like look, and his nose in the air, throwing out great whiffs in front of the glowing hearth, then coming to seat himself in the shadow at the corner of the stove with his legs crossed.

Beside the moles and the bees, the honey and the wax, he had another grave occupation: he foretold the future by means of the flight of birds, the abundance of grasshoppers and caterpillars, and certain traditions inscribed in a book with wooden covers which he had inherited from an old aunt from Fleming.

But to unfold the chapter of his predictions he needed the presence of his friend Koffel, the carpenter, the turner, the clock-maker, the dog-clipper, the cattle-doctor, in short, the greatest genius of Anstatt and its neighbourhood.

Koffel did everything: he mended cracked vessels with iron wire, he soldered saucepans, he repaired old furniture, he put the organ into good condition when the stops or the bellows were out of order. Uncle Jacob had even to forbid him to meddle with broken legs and arms, for he thought himself possessed of some talent for surgery also. The mole-catcher admired him greatly, and sometimes said,—

“What a pity Koffel has not studied! what a pity!” And all the gossips of the country regarded him as a universal genius. But all this did not make his pot boil, and the most certain of his resources was cutting cabbage for sour-cROUT in the autumn, with his pannier over his shoulders, crying from door to door, “Any cabbage to cut? any cabbage to cut?” See how great talents are rewarded in this world! Koffel, small, thin, with black hair and beard, a sharp nose going straight to a point like the beak of a widgeon, did not fail to appear, his hands in the pockets of his little round vest, his cotton cap on his neck, the point hanging between his shoulders, his small-clothes and his coarse blue stockings spotted with glue slipping down over his legs, which were as thin as wire, and his old shoes cut in many places to make room for his bunions. He came in a few moments after the mole-catcher; and coming forward with short steps, he said,—

“I wish you a good appetite, doctor.”

“Does your heart tell you of it?” replied my uncle.

“Many thanks; we have had salad this evening; that is what I like best.”

After these words Koffel seated himself behind the stove, and did not stir till my uncle said,—

“Come, Lisbeth, light the candle and take off the cloth.”

Then my uncle in his turn filled his pipe and drew up to the stove. They began to talk of the rain, of the fine weather, of the harvest, etc. The mole-catcher had had so many traps in the course of the day, he had turned the water from such a meadow during the storm, or he had just taken so much honey from his hives; his bees were going to swarm soon.

Koffel was always turning over in his mind some invention. He talked about his clock without weights, from which the twelve apostles were to appear exactly at noonday, while a cock should crow and Death should flourish his scythe; or, perhaps, of his plough which was to work of itself by being wound up like a clock, or of some other wonderful contrivance.

My uncle listened gravely, gave an approving nod, while he thought about his patients.

In summer time the neighbours, seated upon the stone bench in front of our open windows, talked with Lisbeth about their household concerns; one had spun so many yards of cloth in the course of the last winter; the hens of another had laid so many eggs in one day.

As for me, I made use of a lucky minute to run to Klipfel's forge, from which the light shone in the night far off to the end of the village.

Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, and several others, were already there. We watched the sparks shooting out like lightning from the strokes of the hammer. We whistled at the sound of the anvil. If a poor old horse were there to be shod, we helped to lift up his leg. The oldest among us undertook to smoke some nut leaves, which turned their stomachs. Some of the others boasted of going already every Sunday to the dances; these were from fifteen to sixteen years old. They set their caps on one side, put their hands in their pockets, and smoked with an air of importance.

At last, at ten o'clock, the whole party broke up, and every one went home.

Thus passed the ordinary days of the week; but Mondays and Fridays my uncle received the *Frankfort Gazette*, and on those days our company was more numerous. Beside the mole-catcher, and Koffel, our burgomaster, Christian Meyer, and Monsieur Karolus Richter, the grandson of an old valet of Count Salm-Salm, came. Neither of them wished to subscribe for the *Gazette*, but they liked to hear it read for nothing.

How many times since I have remembered our fat burgomaster with his scarlet ears, short woolen gown, and his white cot-

ton cap, sitting in the arm-chair, my uncle's accustomed seat! He seemed to be reflecting profoundly, but was really intent on remembering the news, that he might tell it to his wife, the virtuous Barbara, who governed the commune in his name.

And the great Karolus too, a sort of greyhound in a hunting coat and a cap of polished leather! The greatest usurer in the country, who looked down upon the peasants from the height of his grandeur because his grandfather had been a lackey of Salm-Salm, who thought he did you a favour by smoking your tobacco, and who talked perpetually of parks, of pheasantries, of great hunts, and of the rights and privileges of Monseigneur de Salm-Salm. How many times I have since seen him, as in a dream, walking to and fro in our low room, listening, knitting his brows, and then suddenly plunging into the great pockets of my uncle's coat to get the packet of tobacco, filling his pipe and lighting it at the candle, saying, "Allow me."

Poor Uncle Jacob! how good-natured he was to let him smoke his tobacco! but he did not even notice it, he was so taken up with reading the news of the day. The Republicans had invaded the Palatinate, had descended the Rhine, and had dared to confront the three Electors, King William of Prussia, and the Emperor Joseph.

All present were astonished at their audacity. Monsieur Richter said that this could not last long, and that all these wretched beggars would be exterminated, even to the very last.

My uncle always concluded his reading by some judicious remark, and as he folded up the *Gazette* he said:—"Let us thank the Lord that we live in the midst of the woods, rather than among the vineyards, on the bare mountains, rather than in the fruitful plain. These Republicans cannot hope to get anything here, and that is our security; we may sleep in peace upon both ears. But how many others are exposed to their rapine! These people want to do everything by force; now force never does any good. They talk of love, of equality, of liberty, but they do not apply these principles; they trust to their arms, and not to the justice of their cause. Before them, a very long time ago, there were others who came to deliver the world; they did not strike, they did not slay, they perished by thousands, and were represented in after ages by the lamb that the wolves devoured. It might have been thought that of these men no remembrance would remain. Well! they have conquered the world; they have not conquered the flesh, but they have con-

quered the soul of the human race; and the soul,—that is everything! Why do not these people follow their example?"

Then Karolus Richter exclaimed with a scornful air:—"Why? Because they make a mockery of souls, and because they envy the powerful of the earth. And in the first place, all these Republicans are atheists, from the first to the last; they respect neither the throne nor the altar; they have overthrown things which have been established from the beginning of time; they will have no more nobles, as if the nobility were not the essence of things upon earth and in heaven; as if it were not certain that among men some are born for slavery and others for domination; as if we did not see this order established even in nature: the moss is lower than the grass, the grass lower than the shrubs, the shrubs than the trees, and the trees than the celestial vault. So the peasants are lower than the citizens, the citizens than the nobles of the long robe, the nobles of the long robe than the nobles of the sword, the nobles of the sword than the king, and the king than the pope, represented by his cardinals, his archbishops, and his bishops. This is the natural order of things.

"They may try forever, but a thistle can never raise itself to the height of an oak, and a peasant can never hold a sword like a descendant of the illustrious race of warriors.

"These Republicans have obtained some ephemeral success on account of the surprise they have caused to the world by their truly incredible boldness and their want of common sense. By denying all established doctrines and principles, they have struck reasonable people with stupefaction. That is the only cause of all this confusion. Just as we may sometimes see an ox, or even a bull, stop at once and then run away at sight of a rat which comes suddenly out of the ground before him, so we see our soldiers astounded and even routed by similar audacity. But all this cannot last long; and the first surprise past, I am very sure that our old generals of the seven years' war will knock this rabble of barefoots flat over, so that not a single one of them will ever get back to his unhappy country again."

Having thus spoken, Monsieur Karolus re-lighted his pipe and continued to walk back and forth with his hands behind him, and an air of great satisfaction.

All the others reflected upon what they had just heard, and after some time the mole-catcher took up the word in his turn.

"All that must happen, happens," said

he. "Since these Republicans have banished their lords and their priests, it must have been so written in heaven from the beginning of time. God decreed it; now to know whether they shall return,—that depends upon what the Lord God may decree. If he wills to bring the dead back to life, that depends upon him. But last year, as I watched my bees work, I saw that these little creatures, gentle and pretty as they are, all at once fell upon the drones and stung them and dragged them out of the hive. This happens every year. These drones breed the young, and the bees provide for them as long as the hive needs them; but afterwards they kill them. This is a shocking thing, but yet it is written. Now upon seeing this I thought of these Republicans: they are engaged in killing their drones; but be easy; they can never get on without them. Others will come back, they will have to take care of them and feed them, and then the bees will get angry again and will kill them by hundreds. They may think it is all finished, but others will come, and so on. It must be so! it must be so!"

The mole-catcher then shook his head, and Monsieur Karolus, stopping in the middle of the room, exclaimed, "Who is it you call drones? The real drones are those proud grubs who think themselves capable of everything, and not the nobles and the priests."

"Begging your pardon, Monsieur Richter," said the mole-catcher, "the drones are those who insist on doing nothing and enjoying everything; those who do nothing but buzz about the queen and still insist upon being handsomely provided for. They are provided for. But, in fine, it is written that they shall be cast out. This has happened a thousand and a thousand times, and it will never fail to happen. The working-bees, who are all order and economy, cannot be feeding creatures who are good for nothing. This is unfortunate, it is sad,—but it is so; when one makes the honey, one likes to keep it for himself."

"You are a Jacobine," exclaimed Karolus, indignantly.

"No, on the contrary, I am a citizen of Austtall, mole-catcher and bee-keeper. I love my country as much as you do. I would sacrifice myself for it perhaps sooner than you would. But I am really obliged to say that the true drones are those who do nothing, and that the bees are those who work, for I have seen it a hundred times."

"Ah!" exclaimed Karolus Richter, "I bet that Koffel has the same ideas as you."

Then the little carpenter, who had said nothing, answered, winking his eye, —

“Monsieur Karolus, if I had the happiness of being the grandson of a domestic of Yeri Peter or of Salm-Salm, and if I had inherited great wealth from him which would maintain me in abundance and idleness, then I should say that the drones were the workers and the bees were the lazy ones. But being such as I am, I need all the world to help me get along, and I say nothing. I am silent. Only I think everybody ought to get what he deserves by his labours.”

“My dear friends,” then said my uncle, gravely, “let us not talk any more about these things, for we never could understand each other. Peace! peace! that is what we need. It is peace which makes men prosper, and puts all beings into their proper places. Through war we see bad instincts prevail, murder, rapine, and the rest. So all men who lead bad lives like war; it is the only means for them to appear to be something. In time of peace they would be nothing; we can easily see that their thoughts, their inventions, and their desires are in accordance with their low characters. Man was created by God for peace, for labour, and to love his family and his fellow-creatures. Now, since war goes against all that, it is nothing but a scourge. Here now! ten o’clock is striking; we might dispute till to-morrow and not understand each other. So I propose that we should go to bed.”

Every one rose, and the burgomaster, resting his fists upon the arms of his chair exclaimed, — “Heaven grant that neither Republicans nor Prussians nor Imperialists may pass through here, for all those people are hungry and thirsty. And as it is pleasanter to drink one’s wine oneself than to see it swallowed by others, I like much better to learn these things from the Gazette than to enjoy them through my own eyes. That is what I think.”

After that reflection he took his way to the door, and the others followed him.

“Good-night,” cried my uncle. “Good-evening,” replied the mole-catcher, going off into the dark street.

The door was shut, and my uncle, deep in thought, said to me, — “Fritzel, try to sleep well.”

“And you the same, uncle,” I replied to him.

Lisbeth and I then went up stairs. A quarter of an hour afterward, the most profound silence reigned in the house.

II.

ONE Friday evening in the month of November, 1793, Lisbeth after supper was kneading the dough for the household bread, according to custom. As some cake and an apple pie would follow from this, I kept near her in the kitchen and watched her, giving myself up to the most agreeable reflections. The dough being made, the yeast was put in, and the trough scraped all round, and then a large feather covering was stretched over it, and it was left to rise. Afterward Lisbeth spread some coals from the hearth on the inside of the oven and pushed into the back part of it with the poker three large dry fagots, which began to flame up under the dark arch. At last, the fire well lighted, she put the iron plate before the mouth of the oven, and said to me, —

“Now, Fritzel, let us go to bed; to-morrow when you get up there will be a pie.”

Then we went up to our chambers. Uncle Jacob had been snoring in his alcove for an hour. I went to bed dreaming of good things, and was soon sleeping the sleep of the blest.

This lasted for some time, but it was still night, and the moon was shining on my little window, when I was waked by a strange tumult. One would have said that the whole village was out of doors; doors opened and shut at a distance, a multitude of steps plashed through the muddy pools in the street. At the same time I heard people coming and going in our house, and a red light was reflected on my windows.

Imagine my fright! After having listened, I got up softly and opened a window. The whole street was full of people, and not only the streets, but also the little gardens and the neighbouring lanes, — nothing but great lively fellows with immense cocked hats and long blue coats faced with red, broad white shoulder-belts, and long queues hanging down the back, to say nothing of their sabres and their cartridge-boxes, which swung below their hips, and which I saw for the first time. They had stacked their guns in front of our barn. Two sentinels were marching round; the others went in and out of the house as if they were at home.

At one corner of the stable three horses pawed the ground. Farther off, in front of Sepel the butcher’s shop, on the opposite side of the square, on the hooks where calves were skinned, now hung a whole ox,

his head and neck dragging on the ground, in the light of a great fire, which rose and fell, lighting up the whole square. One of these men, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up on his muscular arm, was cutting it up. He had cleft it from top to bottom; the blue entrails fell into the mud mixed with blood. The face of that man with his bare neck and his old wig was terrible to see.

I understood at once that the Republicans had surprised the village; and while I was dressing myself I invoked the aid of the Emperor Joseph, of whom Monsieur Karolus Richter talked so often.

The French had arrived during my first sleep, and must have been there for two hours at least, for when I was ready to go down I saw three of them, in shirt-sleeves, like the butcher, who were taking the bread out of our oven with our shovel. They had spared Lisbeth the trouble of baking, as the other had saved Sepel the trouble of killing. These people knew how to do everything; nothing put them out.

Lisbeth, seated in one corner, her hands crossed upon her knees, was looking at them with a tolerably peaceful air, having got over her first alarm. She saw me at the top of the stairs, and called out, —

"Come down, Fritz, they will do you no harm."

So I went down, and the men went on with their work without troubling themselves about me. The door to the passage on the left was open, and I saw in the store-room two other Republicans preparing to mix the dough for a second and third baking. At last, on the right hand side, through the half open door of the hall, I saw Uncle Jacob near the table, sitting on a common chair, while a stout man, with large red whiskers, a short round nose, projecting eyebrows, his ears starting from his head, and an old flax-coloured wig big as one's arm hanging between his shoulders, was installed in the arm-chair, and cutting up one of our hams with a good appetite.

Nothing was to be seen but his great brown hands going and coming, the knife in one, the fork in the other, and his big heavy chops working away. From time to time he took his glass, raised his elbow, drank a full cup, and went on again.

He wore lead-colored epaulettes, a great sabre with a leather sheath, the hilt of which reached up behind his elbow, and boots so covered with mud that nothing could be seen but the yellow soil, which was beginning to dry.

From his hat, which had been placed upon the buffet, hung a bunch of red feathers

blown about by a current of air, for notwithstanding the cold, the windows were left open. A sentinel was walking up and down in front of them, his musket on his arm, stopping from time to time to take a look at the table. The man with the great whiskers, all the time cutting and eating, spoke with a gruff voice: —

"So you are a physician," said he to my uncle.

"Yes, Monsieur Commandant."

"Call me Commandant briefly, or citizen commandant, as I told you before; Monsieur and Madame are out of fashion. But to come to business: you ought to know the country; a country doctor is always upon the high road. How far are we from Kaiserslautern?"

"About seven leagues, Commandant."

"And from Pirmasens?"

"Nearly eight."

"And from Landau?"

"I think five good leagues."

"I think, — very nearly, — about; — is that the way a man familiar with the country should speak? Listen to me; you seem to be frightened; you are afraid that if the white coats should pass through here they would hang you for giving me information. Put that idea out of your head. The French Republic protects you."

And looking my uncle straight in the face with his grey eyes, —

"To the prosperity of the Republic, one and indivisible," said he, raising his glass. They touched glasses, and my uncle, quite pale, drank to the Republic.

"Ah, good!" said the other. "Have you seen any Austrians here?"

"No, Commandant."

"Are you quite sure of it? Come now, look me in the face."

"I have not seen any."

"Have you been at Reethal, lately?"

My uncle had been at Reethal three days before; he thought the Commandant must have heard of it from some of the villagers, and replied, —

"Yes, Commandant."

"Ah! and there were no Austrians there?"

"No!"

The Republican emptied his glass, casting a sidelong look upon my Uncle Jacob, then, stretching out his arm, he seized him by the wrist with a strange manner.

"Do you say no?"

"Yes, Commandant."

"Well, you lie, then!"

And speaking slowly he added, —

"We do not hang, but we sometimes shoot those who deceive us."

My uncle became still paler, yet still, in a firm tone and raising his head, he repeated, —

“Commandant, I affirm upon my honour that three days ago there were no Imperialists at Reethal.”

“And I,” cried the Republican, whose small grey eyes sparkled under his thick, tawny eyebrows, “I tell you that they were there. Is that plain?”

There was silence. All who were in the kitchen had turned round; the mien of the Commandant was not tranquillising. As for me, I began to cry. I even went into the room as if to help Uncle Jacob, and placed myself behind him. The Republican looked at us both, frowning; but this did not hinder him from swallowing another mouthful of ham, as if to give himself time to reflect. Outside Lisbeth sobbed aloud.

“Commandant,” said my uncle, with firmness, “you do not know, perhaps, that there are two Reethals, one on the side of Kaiserslautern, and the other on the Queich, three leagues from Landau. The Austrians were, perhaps, down there, but upon this side nothing had been seen of them on Wednesday night.”

“Well, now,” said the Commandant, in wretched Lorraine German, with a sneer, “that is not bad. But we are as sharp as you. At any rate, unless you prove that there are two Reethals, I will not conceal from you that it is my duty to arrest you and try you by court-martial.”

“Commandant,” exclaimed my uncle, extending his arm, “the proof that there are two Reethals is that they may be seen upon all the maps of the country.” And he pointed to our old map hanging on the wall. Then the Republican turned round in his arm-chair, and looked at it, saying, —

“Ah! is that a map of the country? Let us have a look at it.”

My uncle took the map down and spread it on the table, pointing out the two villages.

“You are right,” said the Commandant. “Very well! I ask no better proof than to see plainly.” Putting both his elbows on the table, and his great head between his hands, he examined it.

“Well, well, this is famous,” said he. “Where did this map come from?”

“My father made it; he was a surveyor.”

The Republican smiled.

“Yes; the woods, the rivers, the roads, everything is marked,” said he. “I recognise that; we passed there; this is good,—excellent.”

And straightening himself up, —

“You have no use for this map, citizen-doctor,” said he in German, “but I require it, and I demand it for the service of the Republic. Come, come! let us make amends. We will drink another glass to cement the feasts of concord.”

It may be imagined with what readiness Lisbeth went down into the cellar to get another bottle. Uncle Jacob had regained his confidence. The Commandant, who then looked at me, asked him, —

“Is that your son?”

“No, he is my nephew.”

“A sprightly little fellow, solidly built. When I saw him come to your assistance just now, it gave me pleasure. Come, come to me,” said he, drawing me to him by the arm.

He passed his hand through my hair, and said, in a voice a little rough, but yet pleasant at the same time, “Bring up that boy to love the rights of man. Instead of keeping cows, he may become a commandant or a general, as others have done. Now all doors are open, all places are ready to be taken; nothing is needed but courage and a chance to succeed. I myself, such as you see me, I am the son of a blacksmith at Saraguemines; but for the Republic I should be still hammering on the anvil. Our great booby of a count, who is with the white coats, would be an eagle, by the grace of God, and I should be an ass; while now it is quite the contrary, by the grace of the Revolution.” He abruptly emptied his glass, and, half-closing his eyes, said with a sly look, —

“That makes some difference.”

By the side of the ham was one of our cakes which the Republicans had baked with the first heating of the oven; the Commandant cut a piece of it for me.

“Swallow that boldly,” said he, quite good-humouredly, “and try to become a man!”

Then turning toward the kitchen, —

“Sergeant Lafleche!” cried he, with his voice like thunder. An old sergeant with grey moustaches, dry as a smoked herring, appeared upon the threshold.

“How many loaves, sergeant?”

“Forty.”

“In an hour we must have fifty; with our ten ovens, five hundred; three pounds of bread per man.”

The sergeant went back into the kitchen.

My uncle and I observed all this without stirring.

The Commandant again put his elbows upon the map with his head between his hands.

The greyish day began to dawn; we

could see the shadow of the sentinel as he marched, his musket on his shoulder, before our windows. A kind of stillness was established. Many of the Republicans were no doubt sleeping, their heads on their knapsacks, around the large fires they had lighted, others in their houses. The pendulum moved slowly, the fire sparkled all the time in the kitchen.

This lasted some minutes, when a great noise arose in the street; windows were thrown up, a door was violently opened, and our neighbour, Joseph Spick, the tavern-keeper, began to cry out,—“Help! Fire!”

But no one stirred in the village; every one was quite content to keep quiet in his own house. The Commandant listened.

“Sergeant Lafleche!” said he.

The sergeant had gone to see; he did not appear till after a minute.

“What is going on?” demanded the Commandant.

“It is an aristocrat of a tavern-keeper, who refuses to comply with the requisitions of the citizeness Thérèse,” replied the sergeant with a serious air.

“Very well! let them bring him to me.”

The sergeant went out.

Two minutes afterward our entry was full of people. The door was opened again, and Joseph Spick, in his short waistcoat, his long cloth pantaloons, and his cap of curled wool, appeared on the threshold between four soldiers of the Republic, with their muskets on their shoulders, their faces as yellow as gingerbread, their hats worn, holes in their elbows, patches on their knees, their shoes in tatters fastened together with strings; all which, however, did not prevent them from holding up their heads and being as proud as kings.

Joseph, his hands in the pockets of his vest, his shoulders stooping, his face flat, and his cheeks hanging, could scarcely support himself upon his long legs; he looked on the ground as if he was utterly scared.

Behind, in the shadow, was seen the head of a woman, pale and thin, which immediately attracted my attention. She had a high forehead, a straight nose, a long chin, and hair of a bluish black. Her hair was brought down in large bands upon her cheeks, and was drawn up in braids behind her ears in such a way that her countenance, which was visible only in front, and not at the sides, seemed extremely long. Her eyes were large and black. She wore a felt hat with a tri-colored cockade, and over her hat a red handkerchief tied under her chin. As until then I had seen in our

country only fair or brown haired women, this woman produced on me, young as I was, an effect of astonishment and extraordinary admiration. I looked at her wonder-struck; my uncle appeared to me not less astonished than I was, and when she entered, followed by five or six other Republicans, dressed as the others were, during the whole time she was there we did not take our eyes from her.

As she came into the room, we saw that she had on a large cloak of blue cloth with a triple cape falling below her elbows, and bore a small cask, the string of which passed crosswise over her shoulder; around her neck was a big cravat of black silk with long fringe, some booty of war no doubt, which still heightened the beauty of her calm and haughty head. The Commandant waited till every one had come in, particularly observing Joseph Spick, who seemed more dead than alive. Then, addressing the woman, who just raised her hat with a motion of her head,—

“Well, Thérèse,” he said, “what is the matter?”

“You know, Commandant, that at the last halt I had not a drop of brandy left,” said she, in a firm and distinct tone; “my first care on arriving here was to find some, paying for it of course. But the people hid every thing, and only within half an hour I discovered the pine branch at the door of this man. Corporal Merlot, the fusileer Cincinnatus, and the drum-major Horatius Cocles, followed to assist me. We went in, asked for some wine or brandy, no matter which, but this Imperialist had nothing; he did not understand, he pretended to be deaf. We then began to search for it, to look into all the corners, and finally we found the entrance to the cellar at the end of a woodpile in the court, behind a heap of fagots which he had put in front of it. We might have got angry; but instead we went down and found some wine, some bacon, some sour-cROUT, and some brandy; we filled our casks, we took some bacon, and then we came up again without making any disturbance. But upon seeing us come back so loaded, this man who had kept himself quiet in his room began to shout like a blind man, and instead of accepting my assigns he tore them up, and taking me by the arm he shook me with all his might. Cincinnatus, putting his load on the table, took the great booby by the collar and threw him against the window of his hovel. Just then Sergeant Lafleche came in. That is all, Commandant.”

When this woman had thus spoken, she withdrew behind the others, and immedi-

ately a little dried-up man, thin and gruff, whose hat was cocked on one side and who held under his arm a long cane with a brass top shaped like an onion, came forward and said, —

"Commandant, what the citizeness Thérèse has just communicated to you is indignation at the bad faith, which every one would have felt at finding himself face to face with an Imperialist devoid of all civic sentiment, and who intended" —

"That will do," interrupted the Commandant. "The word of the citizeness Thérèse is enough for me."

Then addressing Joseph Spick in German, he said to him, frowning, —

"Say then, do you want to be shot? It will cost only the trouble of taking you into your garden. Do you not know that the paper of the Republic is worth more than the gold of tyrants? Listen! for this once I am pleased to pardon you, in consideration of your ignorance, but if it happen that you again conceal your provisions, and refuse assignats in payment, I will have you shot upon the village square to serve as an example to others. Come, march, you great fool."

He uttered this little harangue very distinctly, then, turning to the cantinière, —

"It is all right, Thérèse," said he; "you may fill your casks, this man will make no more trouble. And you others, let him go free."

They all went out, Thérèse at the head and Joseph the last. The poor devil had scarcely a drop of blood in his veins; he had run a great risk.

In the mean time day had come. The Commandant rose, folded up the map, and put it in his pocket. Then he went to one of the windows and began to look at the village. My uncle and I looked out of the other window. It was about five o'clock in the morning.

III.

All my life long I shall remember that silent street encumbered with sleeping people, some stretched out, others doubled up, their heads upon their knapsacks. I yet see those muddy feet, those worn soles, those patched coats, those weather-beaten young faces, those old rigid cheeks, those closed eyelids; those large hats, those faded epaulettes, those pompons, those woollen blankets with red borders and full of holes, those grey cloaks, that straw scattered in the mud. And the great silence of sleep after the forced march, that absolute repose so like death, and the bluish dawn enveloping all with its uncertain light, the pale sun rising in mist, the

little houses with their broad thatched roofs and their black windows, and in the distance, on each side of the village, upon the Altenberg and the Reepockel, above the orchards and the hemp fields, the bayonets of the sentinels sparkling among the belated stars; no, I never shall forget this strange spectacle; I was very young then, but such remembrances are eternal.

As the day came on, the scene became more animated; a head was raised, rested upon the elbow, looked round, then gaped and went to sleep again; in another place an old soldier started up suddenly, shook the straw from his clothes, put on his old hat, and folded up his rag of a blanket; another still rolled up his cloak and buckled it upon his knapsack, while another drew from his pocket a short pipe, and struck a light. The early risers approached each other and talked together; others joined them, stamping their feet, for it was cold at this hour, and the fires that had been lighted in the street and in the square had gone out.

In front of our house in the small square was the fountain; numbers of the Republicans ranged around the two, large, mossy troughs were washing themselves, laughing and joking in spite of the cold, while others were drinking from the spout. Then the house doors opened one after another, and the soldiers were to be seen coming out of them, bending their large hats and their knapsacks under the small doors. Almost all had their pipes lighted.

To the left of our barn, in front of Spick's tavern, the cantinière's cart was stationed, covered with a large cloth; it was shaped like a wheelbarrow, on two wheels, and the shafts were resting on the ground. Behind, the mule, who was covered with an old woollen horse-blanket in red and blue squares, was gravely chewing a long bunch of hay, his eyes half-shut with a sentimental air.

The cantinière, in the opposite window, was mending a little pair of small-clothes, and bent down now and then to cast a look under the shed.

There the drum-major, Horatius Cooles, Cincinnatus Merlot, and a great jolly fellow, thin and dry, straddling across some bundles of hay, were dressing each other's queues, combing the locks, and making them smooth by spitting in their hands. Horatius Cooles, who was the head of the band, hummed an air, and his companions repeated the refrain under their breath.

Near them, against two old casks, slept a little drummer about twelve years old, quite fair, like me, and who interested me

particularly. It was he whom the cantinière watched, and whose trousers no doubt she was mending. His little red nose was turned up in the air, his mouth half open, his back against the two barrels, and one arm over his drum; his drumsticks were passed under his shoulder-belt, and over his feet, covered with a little straw, was stretched a large and very muddy poodle, which kept him warm. Every minute this animal raised his head and looked at him as if to say, "I should like extremely to make a tour through the kitchens of the village." But the little boy did not move, he slept so well. And when at a distance some dogs barked, the poodle yawned; he would so have liked to make one of the party.

Soon two officers came out from the neighbouring house; two slender young men, their bodies squeezed into their coats. As they passed before the house, the Commandant called to them, —

"Duchesne! Richer!"

"Good-day, Commandant," said they, turning.

"Are the posts relieved?"

"Yes, Commandant."

"Anything new?"

"Nothing, Commandant."

"In half an hour we must be on the march. Let the call to arms be sounded, Richer! Come in, Duchesne."

One of the officers entered; the other passed under the shed and spoke to Horatius Cocles. As for me, I was looking at the new-comer. The Commandant had had a bottle of brandy brought, and they drank together, when a sort of humming was heard outside. It was the call to arms. I ran to see what was going on. Horatius Cocles, holding up a cane, in front of five drummers, the little boy being on the left, regulated the drum-beat. As long as the cane was raised, the drumming continued. The Republicans came in from all the lanes of the village; they ranged themselves in two lines in front of the fountain, and their sergeants began the roll-call. My uncle and I were astonished at the order which reigned among these people; as they were called they answered so quickly that it was like a murmur on all sides. They had taken up their guns and held them at will on their shoulders or the butt end on the ground.

After the roll-call there was great silence, and several of the men were detached, under the lead of their corporals, to go to get bread. The citizeness Thérèse then harnessed her mule to the cart. After some minutes the squads returned, bringing the

loaves in sacks and baskets. The distribution began.

As the Republicans had made soup on their arrival, they strapped the loaves for each other upon their knapsacks.

"Come," cried the Commandant in a cheerful tone, "we must be off."

He took his cloak, threw it over his shoulder, and went out without saying either good-day or good-night to us.

We were thinking that we had got rid of these people forever.

Just as the Commandant went out, the burgomaster came to beg Uncle Jacob to go directly to his house, saying the sight of the Republicans had made his wife ill.

They went out together immediately. Lisbeth was already setting up the chairs and sweeping the room. We heard the officers outside giving the word of command, "Forward! march!" The drums sounded, the cantinière cried *Gee ho!* and the battalion went on its way, when a terrible sort of crackling resounded from the end of the village. It was the firing of guns, sometimes several at a time, sometimes one by one. The Republicans were about to enter the street.

"Halt!" cried the Commandant, who, standing on his stirrups, looked forward, listening.

I had placed myself at the window, and I saw all these men attentive, and the officers out of the ranks around their chief, who was speaking eagerly.

Suddenly a soldier appeared at the turn of the street, running, his gun on his shoulder. "Commandant," said he from a distance, quite breathless, "the Croats! The advance guard is taken, they are coming!"

Scarcely had the Commandant heard him than he turned, galloped along the line at full speed, shouting, "Form the square!"

The officers, the drummers, the cantinière, fell back at the same time around the fountain, while the companies crossed each other like a shuffling of cards; in less than a minute they formed the square in three ranks, the others in the middle; and almost as quickly there was a frightful noise in the street. The Croats were coming, the earth trembled under them! I see them still, pouring in at the turning of the street, their large red cloaks floating behind them like the folds of fifty standards, and bent so low upon their saddles, with their spears forward, that their bony and brown faces and yellow moustaches were scarcely to be seen.

It must be that children are possessed by the devil, for instead of running away, I remained, my eyes wide open in order to

see the battle. I was much frightened, it is true, but curiosity prevailed.

While thus looking and trembling, the Croats were in the square. At the same moment I heard the Commandant cry, "Fire!" then a clap of thunder, then nothing but buzzing in my ears. All that side of the square turned toward the street had fired at once; the glass from our windows fell like hail, the smoke came into the room, with bits of cartridges, and the smell of powder filled the air.

My hair stood on end; I looked and saw the Croats upon their great horses, in the grey smoke, leap, fall back, and leap again, as if to climb over the square, and those behind coming, incessantly coming, howling with wild voices, "*Forwertz! Forwertz!*"

"Fire! the second rank," cried the Commandant, in the midst of perpetual snortings and cries.

He spoke as he might have done in our parlour, so calm was his voice. A fresh clap of thunder followed, and while the plastering was falling, while the tiles were rolling from the roofs as if heaven and earth were coming together, Lisbeth, in the kitchen, uttered such piercing cries that even through this tumult they could be heard like the hissing of a whistle.

After the firing by platoons, began the firing by files. Nothing was to be seen but the guns of the second rank, lowered, fired, and raised again, while the first rank, kneeling, crossed their bayonets, and the third loaded the guns and passed them to the second.

The Croats whirled around the square, striking at a distance with their great spears; from time to time a hat fell, sometimes a man. One of these Croats, reining his horse back on his haunches, sprung so far that he leaped over the three ranks and fell within the square; but then the Republican Commandant threw himself upon him and with one furious thrust nailed him, so to speak, upon the croup of his horse. I saw the Republican draw out his sabre red even to the hilt; that sight made me shiver; I was just going to fly, but I was scarcely on my feet when the Croats turned face about and fled away, leaving a great many men and horses in the square.

The horses attempted to get up, then fell down again. Five or six horsemen caught under their horses made efforts to disengage their legs; others, covered with blood, crawled on all fours, raising their hands and crying in a lamentable tone, "*Pardone, Françôse!*" in fear of being massacred; some of them, unable to endure what they

suffered, entreated as a favour to be killed. The greater part remained motionless.

For the first time I had a full comprehension of death; those men whom I had seen two minutes before, full of life and strength, charging their enemies with fury, and bounding like wolves, there they were lying pell-mell, insensible as the stones of the road.

In the ranks of the Republicans also there were vacant places, bodies lying on their faces, and some wounded men, their cheeks and foreheads covered with blood, were bandaging their heads, their guns at their feet, without leaving the ranks, while their comrades assisted them to tie their handkerchiefs and to put their hats on over them.

The Commandant, on horseback, near the fountain, one corner of his great plumed hat hanging down his back, and his sabre in his hand, closed up the ranks; near him the drummers formed a line, and at a little distance, close to the trough, was the cantinière with her cart. The trumpets of the Croats were heard sounding the retreat. At the corner of the street they had halted; one of their sentinels waited there behind the corner of the town-house; only the head of his horse could be seen. Some shots were still firing.

"Stop firing!" exclaimed the Commandant.

And all was still; nothing was heard but the trumpet at a distance. The cantinière then went round the ranks on the inside to give some brandy to the men, while seven or eight stout fellows went to draw water from the fountain in bowls for the wounded, who all begged piteously for drink.

I, hanging out of the window, looked down the deserted street, asking myself if those red cloaks would dare to return. The Commandant also looked in the same direction and talked with a captain who was leaning on the saddle of his horse. All at once the captain crossed the square, broke through the ranks, and hurried toward our house crying, —

"The master of the house?"

"He is out."

"Well, you, then, show me the way to your garret, — quick!"

I slipped off my wooden shoes and began to climb up the stairs at the end of the entry like a squirrel. The captain followed me. At the top he saw with the first glance of his eye the ladder to the pigeon-house, and went up before me. In the pigeon-house, putting both his elbows on the sill of the dormer window, which was rather low, he leaned out to look. I looked over

his shoulder. The whole of the road till it was lost from sight was full of cavalry, infantry, people, cannon, ammunition wagons, red cloaks, green pelisses, white coats, helmets, cuirasses, files of lances and of bayonets, lines of horses; and all this was advancing toward the village.

"It is an army!" murmured the captain in a low voice.

He turned hastily to go down again, but stopping at a sudden thought he pointed out to me along the village, within two musket-shots, a file of red cloaks which were plunging into a hollow behind the orchards.

"Do you see those red cloaks?" said he.

"Yes."

"Is there a carriage-road there?"

"No, it is a foot-path."

"And that great ravine which cuts it in the middle, straight before us, is that deep?"

"Oh! yes."

"Carriages and horses never pass there?"

"No, they cannot."

Then, without asking me anything more, he went backward down the ladder as fast as possible, and threw himself down the stairs. I followed him; we were soon at the bottom, but we were not yet at the end of the passage-way when the approach of a mass of cavalry made the houses shake. In spite of this, the captain went out, crossed the square, pushed between two men in the ranks, and disappeared.

Thousands of short, strange cries, resembling those of a flock of crows, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" then filled the street from one end to the other, and almost muffled the heavy sound of the gallop.

I, quite proud of having conducted the captain into the pigeon-house, had the imprudence to go forward to the door. The Houlans, for this time they were Houlans, came like the wind, lances in rest, their sheep-skin capes floating on their shoulders, their ears covered by their large fur caps, their eyes staring, their noses buried as it were in their moustaches, and large pistols with brass blocks in their girdles. It was like a vision. I had only time to throw myself backwards; there was not a drop of blood in my veins, and it was only at the moment when the firing began again that I awoke as from a dream, in the back part of our room opposite to the broken windows.

The air was darkened, the square of soldiers quite white with smoke. The Commandant alone was seen behind, motionless on his horse, near the fountain; he might have been taken for a bronze statue through that bluish cloud from which spirted hundreds of red flames. The Houlans, like monstrous grasshoppers, were bounding all

around, some darting their lances and withdrawing them; others discharged their great pistols into the ranks at four paces distance.

It seemed to me that the square was yielding; it was so indeed.

"Close up the ranks! steady!" called the Commandant in his calm voice.

"Close up the ranks! close up!" repeated the officers from point to point.

But the square yielded; it bent into a half circle in the middle; the centre almost touched the fountain. At every stroke of the lance there was a gleam of bayonets like lightning, but sometimes a man sank down. The Republicans had no longer time to reload; they fired no more; and the Houlans continued to pour in more numerous, bolder, enveloping the square in their whirlwind, and already uttering shouts of triumph, for they thought themselves conquerors.

I thought the Republicans were lost, when, in the hottest of the action, the Commandant, raising his hat on the point of his sabre, began to sing a song which made one thrill all over, and the whole battalion, like one man, began to sing with him.

In the twinkling of an eye the whole front of the square righted itself, crowding back into the street all that mass of horsemen, pressing them one against another with their great lances, like spikes of grain in the fields. It seemed as if the Republicans were made furious by that song. I never beheld anything more terrible. And I have thought many times since that men maddened in battle are more ferocious than wild beasts.

But what was still more frightful was that the last ranks of the Austrian column, quite at the end of the street, not seeing what was going on at the entrance to the square, kept advancing all the time, crying,—“Hurrah! Hurrah!” so that those in the front rank, pushed back by the bayonets of the Republicans and being unable to retreat, struggled in inexpressible confusion, and uttered cries of distress, while their great horses, their noses pricked, erected their manes straight, their eyes starting out of their heads, with shrill neighings and frightful kickings. I saw from a distance those unfortunate Houlans, wild with terror, turn round, striking their comrades with the butt of their lances, that they might make room for themselves, and scampering away like hares.

Two minutes afterward the street was empty. About twenty or thirty of these poor devils remained shut in the public square. They had not seen the retreat, and seemed utterly disconcerted, not knowing which way to fly; but this was soon

finished; a new discharge laid them on their backs, with the exception of two or three who plunged into Tanner's lane.

There was now nothing to be seen but heaps of dead horses and men, with blood flowing out from beneath them, and running down our little gutter quite to the culvert.

"Stop firing!" cried the Commandant for the second time. "Load!"

At the same instant nine o'clock sounded from the church. The village at that moment is not to be described; the houses riddled with balls, the shutters hanging by the hinges, the windows broken in, the chimneys shaking, the streets full of broken bricks and tiles, the roofs of the sheds pierced with holes, and that heap of dead, those horses topsy-turvy, struggling and bleeding; one cannot picture it to himself.

The Republicans, their numbers diminished by half, their large hats hanging down upon their backs, their look stern and terrible, paused, resting on their arms. Behind, a few steps from our house, the Commandant was consulting with his officers. I overheard him easily.

"We have an Austrian army in front of us," said he, abruptly; "our business is to get off with whole skins. In an hour we shall have twenty or thirty thousand men upon our heads; they will turn the village with their infantry and all will be lost. I am about to have the retreat sounded. Has any one anything to say?"

"No, that is well advised," replied the others.

Then they moved off, and two minutes afterward I saw a great number of soldiers go into the houses, throw out chairs, tables, wardrobes, in one heap; some of them from the lofts of the barns threw out hay and straw, and others brought the carts and wagons from the back of the sheds. Not more than ten minutes were needed to have at the entrance of the street a barrier as high as the houses; hay and straw were at the bottom and the top. The rolling of the drum recalled those who had done this work. At once fire began to climb from piece bit to piece bit quite to the top of the barricade, sweeping the roofs on each side with its red flame and spreading its black smoke like an immense vault over the village.

Loud cries were then heard at a distance, gun-shots came from the other side; but nothing could be seen, and the Commandant gave the order to retreat.

I saw those Republicans defile in front of our house with a slow and firm step, their eyes flashing, their bayonets red,

their hands black, their cheeks hollow. Two drummers marched behind without drumming; the little one whom I had seen sleeping under our shed was there; he had his drum over his shoulder, and his back bent as he marched. Large tears flowed down his round cheeks, blackened by the smoke of the powder. His comrade said to him, "Come, little Jean, have courage!" But he did not seem to hear him. Horatius Cocles had disappeared and the cantinière also. I followed that group with my eyes to the turning of the street.

For some minutes the alarm-bell of the town house had been ringing; and every where in the distance melancholy voices were heard crying, "Fire! Fire!"

I looked toward the barricade of the Republicans; the fire had caught the houses and mounted up to the sky; on the other side a clattering of arms filled the street, and already long black pikes were put out from the great windows of the neighbouring houses to throw down the blazing barricade.

IV.

AFTER the departure of the Republicans a full quarter of an hour passed before any one showed himself in the street on our side. All the houses seemed to be abandoned. On the other side of the barricade the tumult increased. The cries of the people, "Fire! Fire!" were mournfully prolonged.

I had gone out under the shed, frightened by the conflagration. Nothing stirred, nothing was heard but the crackling of the fire and the groans of one of the wounded sitting against the wall of our stable; he had a ball in his back, and was supporting himself upon his two hands to keep himself upright. He was a Croat; he looked at me with dreadful and despairing eyes. A little farther off a horse, lying on his side, swung his head at the end of his long neck like a pendulum.

And while I was there, thinking that these Frenchmen must be great brigands to burn us up without any reason, I heard a slight noise behind me. I turned round and saw in the shadow of the shed, under the sprays of straw falling from the beams, the door of our barn half open, and behind it the pale face of our neighbour Spiek with his eyes wide open. He put his head forward very gently and listened; then being convinced that the Republicans had sounded the retreat, he sprang out, brandishing his hatchet like a madman, and crying, "Where are those scoundrels? where are they? Let me exterminate them all!"

"Ah," said I, "they have gone, but by running you may yet overtake them at the end of the village."

He looked at me with a doubtful glance, and seeing that I meant no harm he ran to the fire.

Other doors opened at the same time; men and women came out, looked, then raised their hands to heaven, crying, "Curses on them! Curses on them!" and each one hurried to get his bucket to extinguish the fire.

The fountain was soon encumbered with people; there was no longer any room around it; they formed a line both sides quite to the entrance of the threatened houses. Some soldiers standing on the roof poured water on the flames, but all that could be done was to preserve the neighbouring houses. Towards eleven o'clock a jet of bluish flame rose up to the sky; among the number of wagons piled up was the cantinière's; her two casks of brandy had just exploded.

Uncle Jacob too was in the line on the other side under the guard of two Austrian sentinels; he succeeded, however, in escaping by crossing a court, and returned home through the garden.

"Lord God!" exclaimed he, "Fritzel is safe."

I saw from this circumstance that he loved me very much, for he embraced me, asking me, "Where were you, my poor child?"

"At the window," I said.

Then he turned quite pale, and called "Lisbeth! Lisbeth!"

But she did not answer and it was quite impossible for us to find her; we went into all the rooms, even looking under the beds; and we thought she had taken refuge with some neighbour.

During this interval the fire had been mastered, and suddenly we heard the Austrians crying outside, —

"Make room! make room! back!"

At the same instant a regiment of Croats thundered by our house. They pushed forward in pursuit of the Republicans; but we learned the next day that they had arrived too late; the enemy had gained the wood of Rothalps, which extends quite behind Pirmasens. It was thus we understood, at last, why these people had barricaded the street and set the houses on fire: they wished to delay the pursuit of the cavalry; and this plainly shows their great experience in the business of war.

From that moment till five o'clock in the evening, two Austrian brigades defiled through the village under our windows;

Houllans, dragoons, hussars, the cannon, carts, gun-carriages, powder wagons; then, about three o'clock, the general in chief, a large old man, in the midst of his officers, with a three-cornered hat and a long white polonaise so covered with fringe and gold embroidery that by his side the Republican Commandant with his worn hat and uniform would have looked only like a simple corporal.

The burgomaster and the counsellors of Anstatt, in dragget coats with large sleeves, and with uncovered heads, waited for him in the square. He stopped there two minutes, looked at the dead bodies heaped around the fountain, and asked —

"How many were there of the French?"

"A battalion, your excellency," replied the burgomaster, bent into a semicircle.

The general said nothing. He raised his hat and pursued his route.

Then came the second brigade, some Tyrolese chasseurs at the head, with their green coats, their black hats, the brims turned back, and their small Innsbruck rifles; then, other infantry in white coats and sky-blue breeches, large gaiters reaching up to their knees; then, the heavy cavalry, men six feet tall, enclosed in their cuirasses, and of whom we saw only the chin and the long red moustaches under the visor of the helmet: then, at last, the large ambulances covered with grey cloth stretched over hoops, and behind, the lame, the stragglers, and the poltroons.

The surgeons of the army made the circuit of the square. They lifted up the wounded, placed them on their ambulances, and one of their chiefs, a little old man with a white wig, said to the burgomaster, pointing to the dead, —

"You will have them all buried as soon as possible."

"Your orders shall be executed," replied the burgomaster gravely.

At length the last ambulances had gone. It was about six o'clock in the evening. Night had come. Uncle Jacob was on the threshold of the house with me. Before us, fifty steps off, against the fountain lay all the dead ranged on the steps, their faces turned up, with open eyes. They were white as wax, having lost all their blood. The women and children of the village were walking around.

And as the grave-digger, Jeffers, with his two boys, Karl and Ludwig, came up with their spades over their shoulders, the burgomaster said to them, —

"Take twelve men with you, and make a large pit in the field of Wolfthal for all these

people, do you understand? And all who have carts and wagons must lend them with their teams; for it is a public service."

Jeffer bowed and went off at once to the field of Wolfthal with his boys and the men whom he had chosen.

"We really must find Lisbeth," said my uncle to me.

We again began our search from the yard to the cellar, and only at the very last, just as we were coming up, we saw behind our cask of sour-cROUT, between the two air-holes, a bundle of linen in the shadow, which my uncle began to shake. Lisbeth directly cried out, in a plaintive voice, — "Don't kill me! In the name of Heaven, have pity on me!"

"Stand up," said my uncle, kindly. "It is all over."

But Lisbeth was still so troubled that she could scarcely put one foot before the other, and I had to lead her up like a child. Then, seeing the light again in her kitchen, she sat down at the corner of the hearth, and burst into tears, praying and thanking the Lord for having saved her; which proves that old people hold to life as much as the young.

The hours of desolation which followed, and the activity my uncle was obliged to exercise in answering the calls of the unfortunate persons who claimed his care, will remain always present to my memory. Not a moment passed that a woman or a child did not enter our house, calling out, —

"Monsieur doctor, quick, come! my husband — my brother — my sister — are ill."

One had been wounded, another had become wild from terror, another, stretched at length, gave no signs of life. My uncle could not be everywhere.

"You will find him in such a house," I said to these unfortunate persons; "be quick!"

And they went away.

It was not till very late, about ten o'clock, that he at last returned. Lisbeth had rallied a little; she had made up a fire on the hearth, and prepared the table as usual, but the plaster from the ceiling and the splinters of glass and of wood still covered the floor. In the midst of all this we seated ourselves at table and ate in silence.

From time to time my uncle raised his head, looking out upon the square, upon the torches which moved about among the dead. The black carts which were stationed in front of the fountain, with their little country ponies, the grave-diggers, the curious; all this in the dim light. He observed

all these things gravely, and all at once, toward the end of the meal, he said to me, stretching out his hand, —

"See! This is war, Fritz. Look and remember! Yes, this is war, — death and destruction, fury and hate, forgetfulness of all human feelings. When the Lord smites us with his maledictions, when he sends pestilence and famine, these are, at least, inevitable scourges decreed by his wisdom; but here it is man himself who decrees misery to his fellow-creatures, and it is he who pitilessly carries his ravages afar.

"Yesterday we were at peace; we asked nothing of any one; we had done no harm; all at once strangers have come to smite, to ruin, and destroy us. Ah! may those who promote such calamities through a spirit of ambition be cursed! may they be the execration of ages!

"Fritz, remember, there is nothing upon earth more abominable. Men who do not know each other, who have never seen each other, all at once rush to tear each other to pieces. That alone should make us believe in God, for there must be an avenger of such iniquities."

Thus spoke my uncle, gravely; he was much moved, and I listened with my head bowed down, retaining each of his words and engraving them on my memory.

After we had been sitting thus for half an hour, a sort of dispute arose outside upon the square; we heard a dog growl hoarsely, and the voice of our neighbour Spick say, in an irritated tone, —

"Stop, stop, you scamp of a dog, till I give you a blow on the head with my mattock! There! that is just the same sort of animal as his masters; they pay you with assignats and he with bites; but he will come to harm."

The dog growled still louder. And other voices said, in the midst of the stillness of the night, —

"But it is odd all the same. See, he will not quit that woman. Perhaps she is not quite dead."

Then my uncle rose quickly and went out. I followed him. There is nothing more dreadful than to look at the dead under the red light of torches. There was no wind, but yet the flame wavered, and all those pale creatures, with their eyes open, seemed to be moving.

"Not dead!" cried Spick. "Are you mad, Jeffer? Do you think you know more than the army surgeons? No, no, she has gone to her account, and that is all right, for she is the woman who paid for my brandy with paper. Come, get out

from there, while I kill the dog and finish it up!"

"What is going on here?" said my uncle in a strong voice.

And all the people turned round as if they were frightened. The grave-digger took off his cap, two or three others went away, and we saw upon the steps of the fountain the cantinière stretched out, white as snow, her beautiful black hair loose in a pool of blood, her little cask still upon her hip, her pale hands thrown to the right and left upon the wet stone where the water was flowing. Several other corpses lay near her, and the poodle that I had seen in the morning with the little drummer, the hair on his back raised up, his eyes flashing, and his lips quivering, standing at her feet, was growling and shuddering as he looked at Spick.

In spite of his great courage and his mattock, the tavern-keeper did not dare to approach, for it was easy to see that if he missed his blow the animal would spring at his throat.

"What is this?" repeated my uncle.

"Because that dog stays there," said Spick, sneering, "they say that the woman is not dead."

"They are right," said my uncle in a sharp tone; "certain animals have more heart and more sense than some men. Take yourself off."

He pushed him away with his elbow, and went straight toward the woman, stooping down. The dog, instead of springing upon him, seemed to be pacified, and let him do as he would. Every one drew near; my uncle knelt down, uncovered the woman's bosom, and put his hand upon her heart. No one spoke. The silence was profound. This lasted for a moment, when Spick said,—

"Eh! eh! eh! Let them bury her; is not that it, monsieur doctor?"

My uncle rose up frowning, and looking the man full in front from top to toe.

"Wretch!" said he, "for a few measures of brandy, for which that poor woman paid you as well as she could, you wish now to see her dead and perhaps buried alive!"

"Monsieur doctor," cried the tavern-keeper, straightening himself up with an impudent air, "do you know that there are laws, and that —"

"Be silent," interrupted my uncle; "your conduct is infamous." And turning towards the others, — "Jeffer," said he, "carry this woman to my house; she is still alive." He threw upon Spick a last look of indignation, while the grave-digger and his sons

placed the cantinière upon the litter. We went on our way, the dog following my uncle, pressing against his leg. As to the tavern-keeper, we heard him behind us, near the fountain, repeat in a mocking tone, —

"The woman is dead. That doctor knows as much about it as my mattock. The woman is finished; whether they bury her to-day or to-morrow makes no difference. We will see which of us is right."

As we crossed the square I saw the mole-catcher and Koffel following us, which comforted me; for since nightfall a sort of terror had seized upon me, especially in the presence of the dead, and I was pleased to have people about us.

The mole-catcher walked in front of the litter with a large torch in his hand. Koffel, near my uncle, seemed to be grave.

"These are terrible things, monsieur doctor," said he, as he walked on.

"Ah! is that you, Koffel?" said my uncle. "Yes, yes, the genius of evil is in the air; the spirits of darkness are unchained."

We then entered the little alley, which was strewn with bits of plaster; the mole-catcher, stopping on the threshold, lighted Jeffer and his sons, who advanced with heavy steps. We all followed them into the room, and the mole-catcher, raising his torch, exclaimed in a solemn tone, —

"Where are the days of tranquillity, the moments of peace, of repose, and of confidence after labour, — where are they, monsieur doctor? Ah! they have flown away through all these openings."

Only then I saw plainly the forlorn appearance of our old room, — the broken glass, the sharp slivers and sparkling points of which stood out plainly against the background of darkness. I understood the words of the mole-catcher, and I thought that we were wretched.

"Jeffer, lay that woman on my bed," said my uncle sadly; "our own calamities must not make us forget that others are still more unfortunate than ourselves." And turning to the mole-catcher, —

"You will remain here to hold the light for me," said he; "and Koffel will assist me."

The grave-digger and his sons, having put the litter on the floor, placed the woman on the bed at the back of the alcove. The mole-catcher, whose brick-coloured cheeks took a purple hue from the glow of the torch, lighted them.

My uncle gave some coppers to Jeffer, who went out with his boys. Old Lisbeth

had come to look on. Her chin shook, she did not dare to come near, and I heard her reciting the Ave Maria under her breath.

I was catching her terror, when my uncle called out, —

"Lisbeth, what are you thinking about there? In the name of heaven, are you mad? Is not this woman like all other women, and have you not helped me a hundred times in my operations? Come! come! folly has got the upper hand now. Go, heat some water; that is all I can hope from you."

The dog had seated himself in front of the alcove and watched, through his frizzled hair, the woman extended on the bed, motionless and pale as death.

"Fritzel," said my uncle to me, "shut the shutter; we shall have less air. And you, Koffel, make some fire in the stove; for we must not think of getting anything now from Lisbeth. Ah! if amidst so much suffering we could still have the good sense to remain calm! But everything must be in confusion; when the devil is on the road one never knows where he will stop."

My uncle said this as if he were troubled. I ran out to close the shutters, and I heard him fasten them on the inside. Looking towards the fountain I saw that fresh cart-loads of the dead were going off. I went in again, all in a shiver.

Koffel had just lighted the fire, which cracked in the stove; my uncle had opened his case of instruments on the table; the mole-catcher waited, looking at the thousand little shining blades.

My uncle took a probe and approached the bed, putting aside the curtains; the mole-catcher and Koffel followed him. Then, seized with violent curiosity, I too went to look. The light of the candle filled the whole alcove; the woman was naked to her waist, my uncle having just cut her clothes from her; Koffel with a large sponge washed her chest and her bosom, which were covered with black blood. The dog looked on the whole time; he did not stir. Lisbeth also had come back to the chamber. She held me by the hand and mumbled I know not what prayer. Within the alcove no one spoke, and my uncle hearing the old servant called out to her, really vexed, —

"Will you be quiet, old fool? Come, mole-catcher, come, lift up the arm."

"A beautiful creature," said the mole-catcher, "and very young still."

"How pale she is!" said Koffel.

I went nearer, and saw the woman as white as snow, her chest raised up, her head thrown back, her black hair loose.

The mole-catcher held the arm up in the air, and underneath, between the bosom and the arm-pit, appeared a bluish opening, from which flowed a few drops of blood. Uncle Jacob, with his lips compressed, probed this wound; the probe could not enter. At that moment I became so attentive, never having seen anything like it before, that my whole soul was in the depth of that alcove, and I heard my uncle murmur, — "That is strange!"

At the same instant the woman drew a long sigh, and the dog, that had been quiet till then, began to cry with a sound so mournful and so wild that one might have thought he was a human being. My hair stood on end. The mole-catcher called out, — "Be quiet!"

The dog was still, and my uncle said, — "Raise the arm now, mole-catcher. Koffel, come here and support the body."

Koffel passed behind the bed and took the woman by the shoulders. The probe immediately entered very deep. The woman uttered a groan, and the dog growled.

"Good!" exclaimed my uncle; "she is saved. Hold! Koffel, see! the ball has glanced in the ribs; it is here under the shoulder. Do you feel it?"

"Perfectly."

My uncle came out, and seeing me under the curtain, he exclaimed, "What are you doing there?"

"I am looking."

"That's good, he is looking now. It must be that everything is to go wrong."

He took a knife from the table, and went back. The dog looked at me with his shining eyes, which made me uncomfortable.

All at once the woman uttered a cry, and my uncle said, with a joyful tone, —

"Here it is! it is a pistol-ball. The poor creature has lost a great deal of blood, but she will recover."

"It must have been in the great charge of the Uhlans that she received it," said Koffel. "I was at old Kraemer's on the first floor; I was cleaning his clock, and I saw them fire as they came on."

"Very likely," replied my uncle, who then for the first time thought of observing the woman. He took the candle from the mole-catcher's hand, and standing behind the bed he gazed thoughtfully for some moments upon the poor woman.

"Yes," said he, "she is a beautiful woman, and has a noble head. What a pity that such creatures should follow armies! Would it not be much better to see them in the midst of a virtuous family, surrounded by fine children, with a kind husband whom they would make

happy? What a pity! But, after all, since it is the will of the Lord —"

He went out, calling Lisbeth.

"Go and get one of your chemises for that woman," said he to her, "and put it on her yourself. Mole-catcher, Koffel, come; we will go and take a glass of wine, for this day has been a rough one for us all."

He went down to the cellar himself, and came up at the moment that the old servant arrived with her chemise. Lisbeth, finding that the cantinière was not dead, had regained her courage; she went into the alcove and drew the curtains, while my uncle uncorked the bottle, and opened the cupboard to take out some glasses. The mole-catcher and Koffel seemed to be pleased. I, too, drew up to the table, which was still spread, and we finished supper.

The dog looked at us from a distance. My uncle threw some mouthfuls of bread at him, that he would not take. At that moment the church clock struck one.

"It is the half hour," said Koffel.

"No, it is one o'clock. It is time for us to go to bed," replied the mole-catcher.

Lisbeth came out from the alcove; we all went to see the woman dressed in her chemise. She seemed to be asleep. The dog was resting with his fore-paws on the edge of the bed, and looked also. My uncle passed his hand over his head, saying, —

"Come, don't be afraid; she will get well. I will answer for it."

And the poor animal seemed to understand, and gently moaned. At last they came out again.

My uncle, with the candle, accompanied the mole-catcher and Koffel quite outside; then he came back, and said to us, — "Now go to bed; it is time."

"And you, monsieur doctor?" asked the old servant.

"Me? I shall watch. This woman is in danger; and beside, they may want me in the village."

He went to put a log into the stove, and stretched himself behind it in the arm-chair, rolling up a strip of paper to light his pipe.

Lisbeth and I each went up to our chamber, but it was not till very late that it was possible for me to sleep, in spite of my great fatigue; for from half hour to half hour the rumbling of the cart, and the glare of the torches upon the windows, warned me that they were still passing with the dead. At last, at early dawn, all these sounds ceased, and I fell sound asleep.

V.

THE village should have been seen the next day, when everybody wanted to find

out what he had left and what was missing; and when it was found that a large number of the Republicans, the Uhlans, and the Croats had passed through the houses from the back, and had emptied them of everything, the indignation was universal, and then I comprehended how right the mole-catcher was in saying, "Now the days of calmness and peace have flown through these holes."

All the doors and windows were open in order to see the havoc; the whole street was encumbered with furniture, with carriages, with cattle, and with people, who cried, — "Ah, the scoundrels! Ah, the brigands! they have taken everything!"

One was seeking for his ducks, another for his hens; another upon looking under his bed found a pair of old shoes instead of his boots; another, on looking up his chimney, where the morning before hung his chitterlings and his bacon, saw it empty, and went into a terrible rage. The women, in despair, raised their hands to heaven, and the young girls were dismayed. The butter and the eggs and the tobacco and the potatoes, and even the linen, all had been stolen; the more they looked, the more things were found missing.

The greatest anger of the people turned upon the Croats; for after the general had passed by, having nothing to fear from any complaints which might be made, they had hurried into the houses like a band of famished wolves, and God knows what it had been necessary to give them in order to induce them to go off, besides all they had taken before.

It was indeed very sad that old Germany should have soldiers more to be dreaded by her than the French. The Lord preserve us from ever again having need of their aid!

We children — Hans Aden, Franz Sepel, Nickel, Johann, and I — went from door to door, looking at the cracked tiles, the broken shutters, the battered sheds, and gathering up the rags, the cartridge-papers, and the balls flattened against the walls. The finding of these things pleased us so much that we had no thought of returning home before nightfall.

About two o'clock we met Zaphevi Schmouk, the son of the basket-maker, who held his red head high, and seemed prouder than usual. He had something concealed under his blouse, and when we asked him, — "What have you got?" he showed us the stock of a great Uhlan pistol. Then the whole band followed him. He marched like a general before us, and to each one whom we met we said, "He has got a pistol," and the new-comer joined himself to

our troop. We would not have quitted Schmouk for an empire. It seemed to us that the glory of his pistol was reflected upon us.

Such truly are children, and such truly are men!

Each of us boasted of the dangers he had run during the great battle. "I heard the balls whistle," said Frantz Sepel; "two of them came into our kitchen."

"And I saw the general of the Uhlans galloping with his red cap on," cried Hans Aden; "that is much more terrible than to hear the balls whistle."

What made me proudest was that the Republican commandant had given me some cake, and had said to me, — "Swallow that boldly!"

I considered myself worthy to have a pistol like Zaphevi, but no one would believe me. As we passed by the steps of the town-house, Schmouk cried out, — "Come and see!"

We mounted the great staircase behind him, and in front of the council-room, which was pierced by a square opening as large as the hand, he said to us, — "Look! the clothes of the dead are there! Father Jeffer and monsieur the burgomaster carried them there this morning in a cart."

We staid there more than an hour looking at these clothes, climbing on each other's shoulders, and gasping, — "Let me look too, Hans Aden, it is my turn!"

The clothes were heaped up in the middle of the great deserted hall, under the grey light of two high, grated windows. There were Republican hats and Uhlan caps, shoulder-belts and cartridge-boxes, blue coats and red cloaks, sabres and pistols. The guns were leaning against the wall on the right, and farther off was a row of lances. It made us shiver to see them, and I have kept the remembrance of it.

After an hour, and as night was coming on, all at once one of us took fright and began to run down the stairs, crying with a scared voice, "Here they come!" Then the whole band dashed down the stairs, running with hands stretched out, and tumbling over each other in the darkness.

It surprises me that none of us broke our necks, our fright was so great. I was the last, and though my heart beat with incredible violence, I turned round at the bottom of the steps to look again. All was grey within the vestibule; the little dormer window on the right lighted the black steps with an oblique ray; not a breath broke the stillness under the gloomy arch. At a distance in the street the sounds died away.

I began to think that my uncle might be anxious about me, and I went on alone, not without turning again, for it seemed as if stealthy steps were pursuing me, and I did not dare to run.

In front of the inn of "The Two Kegs," the windows of which were bright in the midst of darkness, I made a stop. The uproar of the drinkers reassured me. I looked through the small, open casement window into the hall, where there was the hum of a great many voices, and I saw Koffel, the mole-catcher, Monsieur Richter, and many others, seated at the pine tables, their shoulders bent, as they leaned on their elbows, with jugs and mugs before them.

The angular figure of Monsieur Richter, with his hunting-jacket and his cap of waxed leather, gesticulated under the hanging lamp, in the greyish smoke.

"These are the famous Republicans," said he, "those terrible men who were to overthrow the world, and whom the glorious shadow of Field-marshal Wurmsen is sufficient to disperse. You saw them bend their backs and stretch their legs! How many times I have told you that all their grand enterprises would end in catastrophe! Mole-catcher, Koffel, haven't I said so?"

"Yes, you said so!" replied the mole-catcher, "but that is no reason for talking so loudly. Let us see, Monsieur Richter. Sit down and call for a bottle of wine; Koffel and I have each paid for ours. That is the first thing."

Monsieur Richter sat down, and I went home. It might then have been seven o'clock; the alley was swept, the windows were mended. I went first into the kitchen, and Lisbeth, seeing me, exclaimed, — "Ah! here he is!"

She opened the door of the chamber, saying in a lower tone, "Monsieur doctor, the child is here."

"That is well," said my uncle, who was seated at table. "Let him come in."

And as I was about to speak loud, "Hush!" said he, pointing to the alcove; "sit down. You must have a good appetite."

"Yes, uncle."

"Where do you come from?"

"I have been looking about the village."

"That is well, Fritz; you have given me some uneasiness, but I am glad you have seen this wretchedness."

Lisbeth brought me a good plateful of soup, and while I was eating it my uncle added, —

"You know now what war is. Remem-

ber these things, Fritzel, to abominate them. It is good teaching; what we see when we are young remains with us all our lives."

He was making these reflections to himself, and I kept on with what I was doing, with my nose in my plate. After the soup, Lisbeth gave me some vegetables and some meat, but the moment I took up my fork what did I see seated close to me on the floor but a motionless creature staring at me! This startled me.

"Don't be afraid, Fritzel," said my uncle, smiling.

Then I looked and saw it was the cantinière's dog. He sat there very sedately, with his nose up in the air, his ears hanging, watching me with an attentive eye through his frizzled hair.

"Give him some of your vegetables and you will soon be good friends," said my uncle.

He made a sign to him to come near us. The dog came and seated himself near his chair, and seemed much pleased by some little pats which my uncle gave him on his head. He licked the bottom of my plate and then began again to stare at me with a solemn air.

Toward the end of supper I was just going to get up, when some confused words were heard from the alcove. My uncle listened; the woman spoke extremely fast and low. Those confused mysterious words in the midst of the silence moved me more than anything else had done. I felt myself turn pale. My uncle, his head bent, fixed his eyes on me, but his thoughts were elsewhere; he was listening. The dog also turned around.

In the crowd of words that this woman spoke, some were more distinct than others. "My father—Jean—killed—all, all—the country!"

Looking at my uncle, I saw his eyes were troubled, and his cheeks trembled. He took the lamp from the table and approached the bed. Lisbeth came in to clear the table; he turned round and said to her,— "The fever is beginning."

Then he drew aside the curtains. Lisbeth followed him. I did not stir from my chair; I was hungry no longer. The woman was silent an instant; I saw the shadow of my uncle and that of Lisbeth on the curtains; my uncle held the woman's arm. The dog was with them in the alcove. I, alone in the dark room, was frightened. The woman began to talk louder. It seemed to me then as if the room grew darker, and I went nearer to the light.

But at the same moment something seemed to struggle; Lisbeth, who held the lamp, drew back, and the woman, very pale, her eyes opened, raised herself up, calling out,— "Jean, Jean, defend yourself; I am coming."

Then she opened her mouth, uttered a loud cry, "Vive la Republique!" and fell back.

My uncle came out much agitated, and said,—

"Lisbeth, quick, quick! go up-stairs to the closet—the grey phial with the glass stopper! Make haste!" And he went back.

Lisbeth ran. I kept close to the skirts of my uncle. The dog growled. The woman was stretched out as if she were dead.

The old servant returned with the phial; my uncle looked at it, and said in a quick tone,—

"That is it,—a spoon!"

I ran to get my spoon. He wiped it, poured some drops into it, then, raising the woman's head, he made her take what he had put into it, saying with extreme gentleness,—

"Come, come! take courage, my child, take courage!"

I had never heard him speak in so gentle, so tender a tone; my heart was touched by it.

The woman sighed gently, and my uncle extended her upon the bed, raising the pillow, after which he came out, looking very pale, and said to us,—

"Go to sleep now; leave me alone; I shall watch."

"But, monsieur doctor," said Lisbeth, "last night also—"

"Do you go to bed," repeated my uncle, in a vexed tone. "I have not time to listen to your talk. In the name of Heaven let me be quiet. This may become serious."

We were obliged to obey.

As we mounted the staircase, Lisbeth all in a tremble said to me,— "Did you see that unfortunate woman, Fritzel? She is perhaps going to die. Well! see! she still thinks about her Republic of the devil. These people are true savages. All we can do is to pray that God may forgive them." And she began to pray.

I knew not what to think of all this. But after having run about so much and muddled myself up to my backbone, once in bed, I slept so soundly that the return of the Republicans themselves, their firing by platoons and by battalions, would not have waked me before ten in the morning.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

WYVIL'S HOUR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

I.

'You must gain us an hour, my son, gain it at any cost;
Better our race end here, and now, than King and cause be lost —
Lost on the first proud day his foot our threshold crossed.

II.

We cannot raise our flag, as erst, defiant on our walls,
And bid our monarch rest secure mid loyal hearts and halls;
But boys and old men answer now, when Wyvil's trumpet calls.

III.

But I swore by my dead lord's side — dead mid his gallant band,
The bullet deep in his heart, the sword in his strong cold hand —
To spare in the royal cause nor love, nor life, nor land.

IV.

Take all who can strike a blow, take all who have arms to wield;
Go, with your father's sword, my boy, to your first desperate field.
Ha! from yon valley-side the rebel trumpets pealed.

V.

See how the spear-heads glance! they are fierce and eager foes;
But many's the pass in Wensleydale where bracken thickest grows,
And not a pass in Wensleydale but Hugh the forester knows.

VI.

I have barred the postern close, and flung the key in the fosse;
There is but the hill to mount and the level chase to cross,
And he's safe in the thick oak wood, yonder by Aysgarth moss.

VII.

Keep them an hour, my boy, ere the ford by Ure is won;
Gain but an hour, and then — my life's last task is done.

VIII.

Twice had the clock boomed out, as steady and strong as Fate,

Since the brave lad led his little band out of the castle-gate;
And the lady, silent, calm, alone, still stood to watch and wait.

IX.

Such vigils are woman's victories, she wins them day by day —
Deeds all untold in stirring tale, unsung in minstrel's lay,
Yet harder than the fiery feats of many a foughten fray.

X.

Slowly up from the banks of Ure, under the old oak-boughs,
With regular soldier tramp that rang, the crouching fawn to rouse,
Came the victor ranks of Ironsides, stern triumph on their brows.

XI.

And in the midst, on serried spears, a ghastly load they bare, —
The blood-stains red on the proud young face, red on the bright brown hair,
And the old trees bent in stately grief over the dying heir.

XII.

Slowly across the drawbridge, where were none to challenge or greet;
Slowly across the bannered hall, in silence grave and meet;
Till they laid him down, the gallant boy, down at his mother's feet.

XIII.

Never a word she said to them, — she knelt her close to his side —
The blue eyes opened, asked — hers spoke all passionate woe and pride;
He smiled as she kissed his lips; he gasped, 'The hour is won!' and died.

XIV.

Full twice a hundred counted years in varying course have rolled
Since that noble band of loyalists fell on the Yorkshire wold;
But legends keep, like uncut gems, heroic deeds of old.

XV.

Rest by the bonnie banks of Ure, mid the heather's purple flower;
Speak to the stalwart countryman of the hill and old gray tower,
And he'll tell my tale, and show the ford, and call it 'Wyvil's Hour.'

S. K. P.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

MY FELLOW-CREATURES.

BY CHARLES MATHEWS.

I've lived sixty-four years
 In this valley of tears,
 And seen all sorts of men, that's a fact;
 And I've made up my mind
 As to poor human kind,
 That we're all of us more or less cracked.
 It's all very fine
 For your pompous divine
 To give out from his pulpit of oak,
 That we're all 'fellow-creatures';
 'Like minds and like features';
 O, lawk! I call that a good joke.
 For in what we resemble,—
 How Kean was like Kemble,
 Or Byron was like Dr. Watts,
 I could never conceive;
 No, nor do I believe
 That teetotallers can be like sots.
 Only take for comparison
 Voltaire and Harrison,
 Hannibal, Swift, and Fitzball;
 And then say, if you dare,
 In what they compare,
 When they won't bear comparing at all.
 Why, there's not been a man
 Since the world first began,
 Who resembled another in fact;
 And, as far as I see,
 They in nothing agree,
 Except that they're more or less cracked.
 There's your friend Julius Cæsar,
 Who, 'twixt you and me, sir,
 Was not a bad chap at a fight;
 Now just say, if you can,
 In what way such a man
 Can be said to resemble John Bright?
 Each is cracked in his way
 And 'tain't easy to say
 If the one or the other be right;
 But it *would* be a teaser
 To say Julius Cæsar
 Was just such a man as John Bright.
 There was Cardinal Wolsey;
 Who lived down at Moulsey,
 Was he, with his clerical mug,
 Like Jack Shepherd the sinner,
 Who hung out at Pinner,
 And lived in a jolly 'stone jug'?
 Would you venture to state
 That old Frederick 'the great'
 Was Pierce Egan himself to a dot?
 Or that 'Lion-king Carter'
 Was like 'Charles the Martyr,'
 'Judge Nicholson' like Walter Scott?
 You may argue forever
 No matter how clever,
 You cannot establish the fact,
 That an eagle's a mouse,
 Or a pill-box a house,
 You'll prove nothing but this—that you're
 cracked.
 Now take any two gabies,
 And start them as babies,

And give them the same cup of pap;
 And bring both up in Surrey,
 Teach both Lindley Murray,
 And buy them the same leather cap.
 Dress up both little boys
 In the same corduroys,
 And whip both with the very same rod;
 You'll find all of no use,—
 One will turn out a goose,—
 One a scholar, and t'other a clod.
 Teach 'em 'two tens are twenty,'
 And, 'As in presenti,'
 And put down 'Quæ genus' before 'em;
 One quickly will holloa,
 'Mars, Bacchus, Apollo!'
 Ere t'other can get out 'viorum.'
 You may work like a nigger,
 But when they get bigger
 They'll grow more unlike ev'ry day;
 Though they've felt the same birch,
 One will take to the church,
 T'other pay his half-price to the play.
 One will idolise Homer,
 And t'other Bob Romer;
 And when they are free from the school,
 One will live up in attics
 And love mathematics,
 T'other doat on Paul Bedford and Toole.
 One man's born ferocious,
 Another precocious,
 One lamb-like, another defiant;
 One's born for a writer,
 And one for a fighter—
 One's a pigmy, and t'other a giant.
 We all have our breeds,
 And our various seeds,
 Just like animals, fishes, and flowers;
 You can't make a dog
 From a sheep or a hog;
 They've their classes distinct, and we've ours.
 Who'd compare a bear's hug
 To the bite of a pug?
 Who'd have felt the least pity for Daniel,
 If, 'stead of a cage
 With wild-beasts to engage,
 He'd been put in a den with a spaniel?
 You might just as well try
 To make elephants fly,
 Or convert pickled pork into venison,
 As compel a born coward
 To fight like a Howard—
 A beadle to rhyme like a Tennyson.
 All our different races
 Have stamped on their faces
 The marks that distinguish them—rather!
 You may tell the born glutton,
 Who lives upon mutton,
 From the savage who eats his own father.
 Why, just look at the Yankees!
 I'd not give two thankye's
 For all the fine things that they teach
 About men being 'equal'—
 They've found in the sequel
 They can't carry out what they preach.
 While the North stuck to figures,
 South larrup'd its niggers,
 And each called its mission divine;

Till the wrong and the right
 Had a jolly good fight,
 All to try and change nature's design.
 After lots of hard thwacks,
 The Whites found that the Blacks
 Were considered as equal by no man;
 A black woolly pate
 Can't compete with hair straight —
 A snub-nose can't compete with a Roman.
 Both Sambo's detractors
 And best benefactors,
 Who glory in setting him free,
 While they crown him with roses
 Will still hold their noses,
 And shrink from the same cup of tea.
 Since to prove black is white
 Is as difficult quite
 As to prove London Bridge is at Brighton,
 The notion dismiss
 And depend upon this —
 That a Black man is not like a white un.
 Now I'll tell you what do —
 Take a boot and a shoe,
 They are articles ev'ryone wears,
 And compare them together,
 Though both made of leather,
 A cobbler will say they're not pairs.
 So, though all made of clay,
 We're not shaped the same way,
 And our clay's mixed in various gradations;
 At the time of our birth
 We're all sent upon earth
 Ready-made for our sundry vocations.
 We all were 'created' —
 That's true as it's stated —
 But were not created for 'fellows';
 One's destined to play
 On the organ all day,
 T'other's destined to just blow the bellows.
 Were it otherwise, why
 Shouldn't good Mrs. Fry
 Have been rival to Jonathan Wild?
 Or 'Humanity Howard'
 Been whipped, the old coward!
 For grossly maltreating a child?
 Twist us which way you will,
 Nature will come out still;
 You may fight her decrees till you're sick:
 Nature meant Edmund Kean
 Should illumine the scene —
 Worrell always was meant for a 'stick.'
 Thus will ev'ry man find
 His position assigned;
 He's to conquer the world, or sell figs;
 Be he Morland or Titian,
 He works out his mission —
 Paints portraits, or only paints pigs.
 One man's born to be funny
 And squander his money,
 Another's created to lend it;
 The greater the bore,
 Why the greater his store —
 It's the pleasantest fellows who spend it.
 It's some consolation
 To know compensation
 Is equally granted to all;

What by some men is wanted,
 To others is granted —
 Brown's too short, and Thompson's too tall
 There's Commodore Rose
 With the gout in his toes,
 Eats his three meals a-day, and is ill;
 While the poor starving peasant,
 Who knocks down a pheasant,
 In his life never swallowed a pill.
 Then let all be content
 Just to follow our bent,
 And not bother our heads about others;
 Let Nature alone,
 Envy no man his own.
 And jog on altogether like brothers.
 Now, to sum up the whole
 Of this long rigmarole,
 It is wise to give each man his station;
 It's really absurd
 To treat all as one herd,
 And drive all by the same education.
 Try and humour the bent
 With which each man is sent,
 Duly stamped at the hour of his birth;
 And assist the poor creature
 To better his nature,
 And act well his part upon earth.
 If Tom Hood had been put
 In a regiment of foot
 He would never have let off a gun;
 For in spite of hard drilling
 I'd bet you a shilling
 He'd only have let off a pun.
 Do you think that Molière
 When he polished a chair,
 And worked hard as a pillow and bolsterer,
 Didn't sicken to do it?
 'Twas bosh — and he knew it —
 You couldn't make him an upholsterer.
 Then don't say we're all made
 Of one mould and one grade,
 And all equal — allow me to doubt it.
 We're born wide apart
 Both in head and in heart;
 Its the truth, and so — that's all about it.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

DEAR little bare feet,
 Dimpled and white,
 In your long night-gown
 Wrapped for the night,
 Come let me count all
 Your queer little toes,
 Pink as the heart
 Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
 That sits in the sun;
 Two is a baby,
 And three is a nun;
 Four is a lily
 With innocent breast;
 And five is a birdie
 Asleep on her nest.

A POSE FOR A PICTURE.

Does any artist, desirous of distinguishing himself, want a subject of which he may make a picture for the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy? Then here is one for him, in an extract from the *Moniteur* relative to the Spanish Insurrection:—

"The frigate *Victoria*, which had appeared before Corunna, retired in consequence of the attitude assumed by the Captain-General."

What scope this announcement affords for the conception of a grand historical picture! In the whole range of profane history there is only one instance at all nearly parallel to the wonderful fact which it proclaims. That occurred at the last siege of Acre, where the garrison immediately laid down their arms on the appearance of Admiral Sir Charles Napier in the breach, when he raised his walking-stick. This, however, was too simple a gesture to be suitable for pictorial illustration. But if there is any British Artist sufficiently endowed with that sense of grandeur which is characteristic of Continental genius, he can embody it in a portrait of the Captain-General of Corunna, as he appeared in the attitude in consequence of which the *Victoria* retired.

Punch.

The Rev. Dr. Morse in the first edition of his gazetteer stated that "Albany is a town of 800 houses and 4000 inhabitants all standing with their gable ends to the street."

DEATH OF THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

THE Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, for many years chaplain of the House of Representatives, died at Philadelphia on Wednesday. He was born at Mount Holly, N. J., June 4, 1808. He began to write for the press at an early age, and also studied medicine at Philadelphia. In May, 1829, he began preaching, in connection with the Methodist Protestant Church. In 1830 he was stationed at Baltimore, and in 1833 was elected chaplain to congress, and re-elected in 1835. From 1836 to 1839 he lived in Baltimore, compiled the prayer-book of the Methodist Protestant Church, and was for a short time editor of the *Methodist Protestant*. He soon after resigned and moved to Philadelphia, where he remained until 1847, as pastor and public lecturer, then removed to Cincinnati, and was elected president of the Miami University, but declined, and in 1850 returned to Baltimore, where he was for five years associate pastor of the St. John's Methodist Church, and for three and a half years pastor of an associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Since 1856 he has lived in Philadelphia. He was again Chaplain of the House from 1859 to 1861, and in 1862 was chaplain of the Senate. Rev. Dr. Stockton edited several periodicals and published an edition of the New Testament in paragraph form. Also, the following works: "Floating Flowers from a hidden Brook;" "The Bible Alliance;" "Sermons for

the People;" "The Blessing;" "Stand up for Jesus;" "Poems, with Autobiographies and other notes;" and "The Peerless Magnificence of the Word of God."

N. Y. Evening Post, 10 Oct.

OUR OLD FRIEND.—Mrs. Malaprop is full of the Elections. Her opinions, she says, with some confusion in her mind between plums and politics, are Preservative, and she is for the Irish Church, having a cousin who is an Arch-deacon's Apparition. She is certain something dreadful will happen to that Gladstone, who, she hears, has crossed the Rubicund, and is perspiring with Bright and the Radicals. She has no patience with women wanting to have votes, and is delighted that the Reviving Banisters refused them the Frances. Mrs. M. reads the foreign news, as you may be sure when you hear that she talks about the Bonbons being driven out of Spain.

Punch.

Upon the principle that a member of Parliament has no opinions beyond those with which his constituents entrust him, it may be maintained that a clergyman's only duty is to supply the religion and the morality of which his congregation approves. Such seems to be the theory of the Congregationalists worshipping at Broadstreet Chapel, Reading, who have called upon their pastor to vacate his holy office, on the ground that he had "set up too high a standard of Christian life." The poor sinners of Reading have doubtless found their efforts to be consistently pious quite hopeless; and probably wish to have some kindly mentor who will make allowances for their infirmities.

TITIAN's "Peter Martyr," it will be remembered, was destroyed some time ago by a fire in Venice. An excellent copy of the picture possessed by the Museum of Florence has been kindly handed over by the Florentines to the city of Venice. The "Last Judgment" in the church of St. Marie, Dantzic, which was long considered to be the work of Van Eyck, turns out to be a picture of Stourbout's. The contract for the execution of the picture has been discovered, and settles the question.

A FRENCH chemist claims to have discovered a method of manufacturing transparent looking-glasses—terms which seem to imply a self-contradiction. Instead of mercury, he uses platinum for the back of the glass; and his preparation has the virtue of concealing every defect in the glass itself. M. Dode says that his looking-glass may be used for windows, so transparent is it. If this is true, there need be no lack of mirrors in a house.